

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

1/

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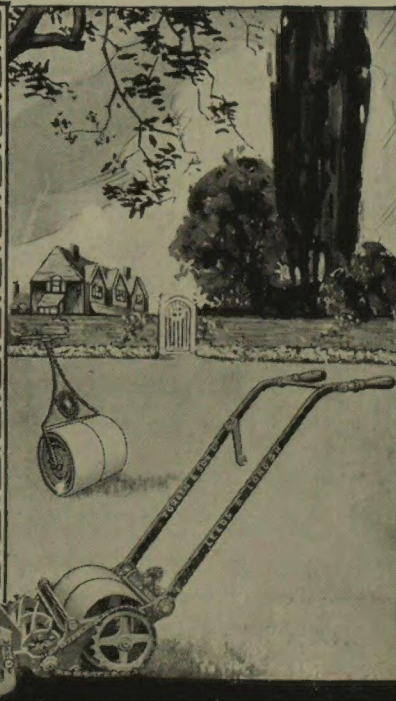
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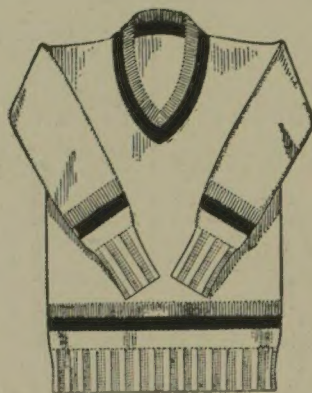
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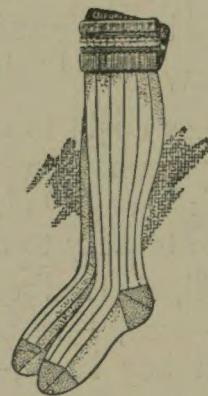
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ROAD

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1922.

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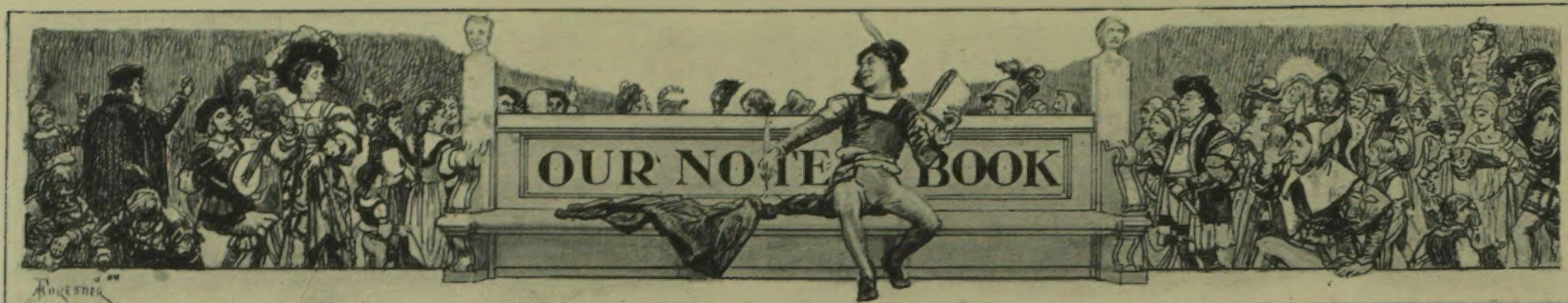


THE PRINCIPAL FIGURE IN THE OBER-AMMERGAU PASSION PLAY: ANTON LANG AS CHRIST (FOR THE THIRD TIME)
WITH THE NEW VIRGIN MARY (MARTHA VEIT).

Anton Lang, the master-potter of Ober-Ammergau, is appearing for the third time as Christ in the famous Passion Play, revived on Sunday, May 14, as mentioned on other pages illustrating the subject in this number. Anton Lang went through the war in the non-combatant branch of the German Army. It is a tradition that the Virgin Mary should be represented by an unmarried woman. Fräulein Martha Veit, who takes the part for the first time, became a nursing sister in the war, and served in the hospitals at Maubeuge. She now sells post-cards in a

shop at Ober-Ammergau. The stage-manager, Georg Johann Lang, describing how he had trained each member of the company, said of her: "I have shown Mary how to weep, and I have despaired of ever making a young girl, however intelligent, grasp the pain that only experience can express. Even to-day she is too sparing of movement, fearing to be profane." Elaborate new costumes and stage-settings have been devised. The first performance was seen by a vast cosmopolitan audience, including many English visitors.

PHOTOGRAPH BY F. BRUCKMANN, MUNICH; SUPPLIED BY W. A. MANSELL AND CO.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

NO man would be tempted to be a pessimist except by the optimist. Neither of the terms corresponds to any clear thought. But as things are at present, the pessimist is a man who thinks a little and thinks wrong, and the optimist a man who refuses to think at all. Ordinary journalistic optimism does not meet the point of the pessimist; it does not attempt to think it out, but only to throw it off. It seeks to silence him by mere assertion and the repetition of stale maxims. Sometimes, indeed, the assertions are startling rather than stale. I see in the leading article of a daily paper the firm pronouncement: "Morality to-day stands high in every phase of our national life." This would be a rather arresting thing to say of any period in history, or, for that matter, in legend. It would be a strong thing to say about the Saturnian Age of Gold, or the best days of the Court of King Arthur. As applied to the financial politics and mushroom morals of modern society, it is a piece of quite paralysing impudence. But it is supported, of course, by the usual hazy historical allusions. And among them is this sentence, which strikes me as an interesting example of the whole business: "When we read of the morality of politics in the days of the pocket boroughs, and compare it with the state of affairs to-day, the fact obtrudes that degeneracy is far from being a new thing."

Nobody supposes that sin is a new thing, if that is what the writer means by degeneracy. But I prefer to attach to degeneracy the rather special sense of something that degenerates. And I should most emphatically maintain that Parliament has degenerated since the days of the pocket boroughs. It is perfectly true that the pocket boroughs were themselves a degeneration; that is why they were called rotten boroughs, or boroughs that had decayed. But as they had decayed from a past prosperity, they hardly in themselves prove the progressive case. They were abuses, and rightly denounced as abuses, and rigorously destroyed as abuses, by the energy of our fathers. But even those abuses were of more use to democracy than the modern Parliament.

For what was a pocket borough? It was not a lie, but a legal fiction. It was a perfectly open and acknowledged legal fiction, by which an aristocracy governed in an admittedly aristocratic State. When a nobleman owned an old wall, and returned two Members to represent it, nobody supposed that the very bricks cried out like the crowd in the market-place. Nobody supposed that the wall could talk, as in the play of "Pyramus and Thisbe," or was the wittiest partition that ever heckled a Parliamentary candidate. Those who defended the nobleman and his wall did not think it a good thing to be governed by walls; they thought it a good thing to be governed by

noblemen. They thought so, and they said so. They were not snobs, because they were serious believers in government by an aristocracy. They were not humbugs, for they did not pretend that their aristocracy was a democracy. There was no secrecy; there was no hypocrisy; and, in practice, there was a great deal of popular control. In places where the voters were few, they were watched as representatives are watched; or ought to be watched. But nowadays neither voters nor representatives are watched at all, because the whole thing has become too complicated and secretive to follow; and because everything depends on interviews and intrigues, and unrecorded conversations and unofficial

nominee of a rich man. The vital innovation is that we do not know the name of the rich man. The party funds which are applied are never audited; and Parliament has positively and peremptorily refused to audit them. The politician who uttered the refusal said one of the most extraordinary things ever said in the whole history of politics. He said the audit would be useless because the audit would be evaded; in other words, he said that our politics are now so hopelessly corrupt that it is vain to think of curing the corruption. He implied that his fellow-politicians are now so bent upon crooked ways that they would pursue them in defiance of law as well as honour. That is "the state of affairs to-day," which compares so favourably with the age of pocket boroughs. That is the condition described so appropriately in the words: "morality to-day stands high in every phase of our national life."

In fact, Parliament is now a mass of pocket boroughs. The only difference is that we do not know in whose pockets they are. The seat is no longer openly given by some recognised and responsible English gentleman, whom we can question and reproach and pelt with rotten eggs if we like. The seat is given secretly by somebody who has made money somehow; by somebody who may be a rascal, who may be a foreigner, by a capitalist who may be a sweater, by a financier who may be a swindler. This is not democracy any more than it is aristocracy; it is simply conspiracy; and conspiracy with aims very much lower than most of the political plots of the past. None of us, in short, would be very hopeful if we had to build our hopes only on the present state of Parliament; especially on this historical point about the improvement of Parliament.

But, in truth, the real reason for hope is exactly the opposite. At present the most genuine hope is in the growing consciousness of these incongruities. We might say that the

most optimistic thing is the pessimism. The English people have at least realised that there is a problem of professional politics and financial intrigue. Conspirators can still hide things; but they can no longer hide the hiding of them. In the case of the secret fund, they can keep the fund a secret, but they cannot keep the secret a secret. It might still be libel to say that a Peer has bought a coronet; but it is no longer sedition to say that coronets are bought by Peers. When a great nation awakes to such a situation, even slowly and sleepily, there is always a hope that a healthy reaction may follow. And when we read a sentence so very serene, so very satisfied, so very happy and optimistic as that which I quoted at the beginning of this article, there is always a chance that we may wake up with a start.



QUEENS AS HOSTESS AND GUEST IN BRUSSELS: A GROUP TAKEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE STATE BANQUET IN HONOUR OF THEIR MAJESTIES.

The State Banquet in honour of the King and Queen given by the King and Queen of the Belgians at the Palace in Brussels on May 9 was a very brilliant occasion, with over 200 guests. Our photograph shows (from left to right)—standing: Queen Elizabeth, Queen Mary, Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, and the Earl of Athlone. Sitting: Princess Marie José and the Duke of Brabant, the Belgian Crown Prince. In his speech in reply to King Albert, the King recalled the fact that the Duke of Brabant was educated at Eton, and that his younger brother, the Count of Flanders, is serving in the British Navy as an officer in the "Renown" during the Prince of Wales's tour. The Duke of Brabant was born in 1901, his brother in 1903, and their sister, Princess Marie José, in 1906.—[Photograph by Vandyk.]

compromises. Things are not watched, because there are a thousand evasions by advertisement and suggestion, by false news and fictitious biography; and, under cover of these things, men whom we cannot restrain pursue aims that we do not know. In short, things are not watched; and the reason is that they want watching.

A modern Parliamentarian is not chosen by the people, even when he is elected by the people. He is chosen by the Caucus, with no alternative but some similar Parliamentarian chosen by some similar Caucus. He is elected at the best as the better of two evils. It is a plutocratic organisation that chooses the choice of evils. It is a plutocratic process, above all, because nobody can afford an election except a rich man, or the

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

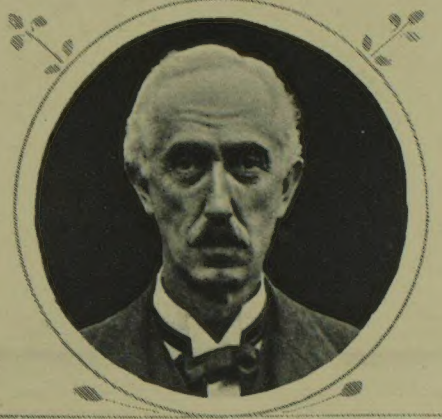
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A FAMOUS WELSH MINER M.P.: THE LATE RT. HON. W. ABRAHAM, P.C. ("MABON").



ROUND ST. ANDREWS IN 68 FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A BIG MATCH: GEORGE DUNCAN, WINNER, "DAILY MAIL" GOLF TOURNAMENT.



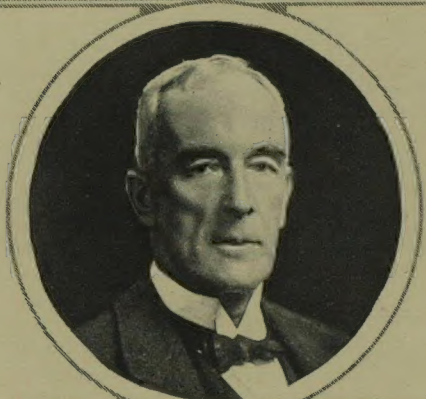
LITTÉRATEUR, AND THE FIRST AIR FORCE HISTORIAN: THE LATE SIR WALTER RALEIGH.



APPOINTED DIRECTOR OF CIVIL AVIATION: MAJOR-GENERAL SIR W. S. BRANCKER.



A GREAT HUMOROUS PORTRAITIST: THE LATE SIR LESLIE WARD ("SPY").



AN EMINENT CHANCERY JUDGE: THE LATE MR. JUSTICE PETERSON.



THE KING OF SPAIN'S DAUGHTERS AS POLO SPECTATORS AT ROEHAMP- TON: PRINCESSES BEATRICE AND CHRISTINA, WITH MME. DEL VAL.



A GREAT BENEFACTOR OF BRISTOL: THE LATE MR. H. H. WILLS.



THEIR MAJESTIES' TRIBUTE TO NURSE CAVELL AND HER FELLOW-MARTYRS ON THE SCENE OF EXECUTION: THE KING AND QUEEN IN BRUSSELS.



CONDEMNED BY THE GERMANS, BUT REPRIEVED: Mlle. BLANKAERT (RIGHT), WITH MME. WILLANE, BOTH FRIENDS AND HELPERS OF NURSE CAVELL.

Mr. William Abraham, known in Wales by his Eisteddfod name of Mabon, began life as a miner, and represented the Rhondda miners in Parliament from 1885 until he retired in 1920. He became a Privy Councillor in 1911.—George Duncan (Hanger Hill) won the "Daily Mail" £1000 Golf Tournament at St. Andrews on May 11, with an aggregate score of 300 for 72 holes. He made a wonderful last round of 68, the first score of less than 70 on the old course in championship conditions.—Sir Walter Raleigh had been Professor of English Literature at Oxford since 1904, and was famous as the author of many admirable literary studies. He contracted his fatal illness while flying in Mesopotamia in connection with the war history of the Air Force which he was writing for the Air Ministry.—Sir Sefton Brancker was Director of Air Organisation in 1916-17, commanded the R.F.C. in the Middle East, and in 1918 became Controller-General of Equipment and Master-General of Personnel on the Air Council.—Princess Beatrice, eldest daughter of the King and Queen of

Spain, was born in 1909, and her sister Christina in 1911. Our photograph shows them at Roehampton with Mme. del Val, wife of the Spanish Ambassador.—Sir Leslie Ward won fame by his great series of humorous portraits of celebrities in "Vanity Fair," over the *nom-de-crayon* "Spy." His reminiscences, "Forty Years of Spy," appeared in 1915. Latterly he had taken to serious portraiture. His portrait of the eccentric Earl of Clanricarde, painted for Lord Lascelles (the Earl's grand-nephew), was reproduced in our issue of February 25 last.—Sir Arthur Peterson became a Judge of the Chancery Division in 1915.—Mr. Henry Herbert Wills, a member of the famous tobacco firm, was a munificent benefactor of Bristol University and local charities. He recently founded St. Monica's Home of Rest for Incurables.—On May 10 the King and Queen visited the Tir National at Brussels, where Nurse Cavell and 34 others were shot by the Germans. The King's large wreath was laid on the spot where she fell.

THE PRINCE IN "THE GORGEOUS EAST": SINGAPORE; HONG-KONG; TOKIO.

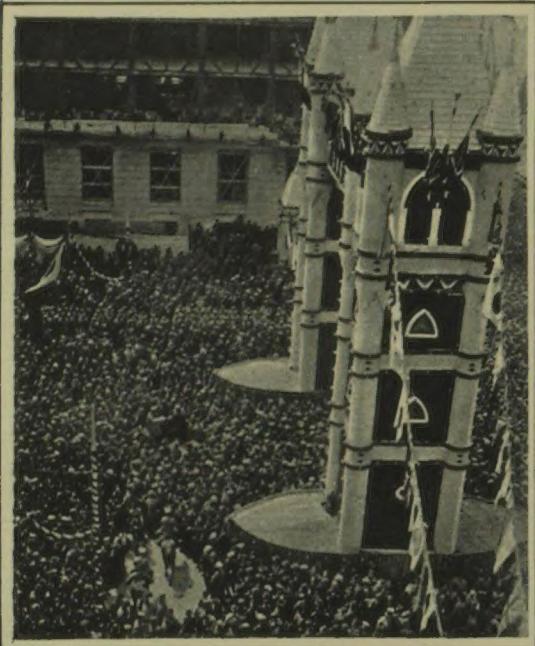
PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



AN EIGHTY-FOOT DRAGON IN A CHINESE PROCESSION: ORIENTAL PAGEANTRY IN HONOUR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AT SINGAPORE



ILLUMINATED AT NIGHT IN A CHINESE PROCESSION AT HONG-KONG DURING THE PRINCE'S VISIT: REALISTIC MODELS OF HUGE FISH.



TOKIO'S TUMULTUOUS GREETING TO THE PRINCE OF WALES: A CROWD ROUND THE ARCH OF WELCOME.



RENEWING "DELIGHTFUL FELLOWSHIP": THE PRINCE GREETED BY THE CROWN PRINCE REGENT OF JAPAN.



"OLD MEN AND MAIDENS": JAPANESE TYPES OF YOUTH AND AGE IN THE GREAT CROWD AT TOKIO.



WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES'S FEATHERS ON THE SIDE OF THE CHAIR AND THE CROWN ON THE ARMS OF THE BEARERS: THE PRINCE CARRIED IN A STATE PALANQUIN FROM THE LANDING STAGE TO THE RECEPTION DAIS AT HONG-KONG.

Singapore was brilliantly decorated in Oriental style when the Prince of Wales arrived there in the "Renown" on March 31. Especially notable was a Chinese procession in which a huge figure of a dragon 80 ft. long was borne on poles by nine or ten bearers. Again, at Hong-Kong, which he reached on April 6, the city was *en fête* with gay decorations in the Chinese manner. On landing the Prince was carried to the reception dais in a State palanquin. A Chinese address, couched in picturesque imagery, welcomed the Prince as famous for the two chief Chinese virtues, filial affection and academic industry. A Chinese procession, held at night, included realistic illuminated models of enormous fishes. On April 8

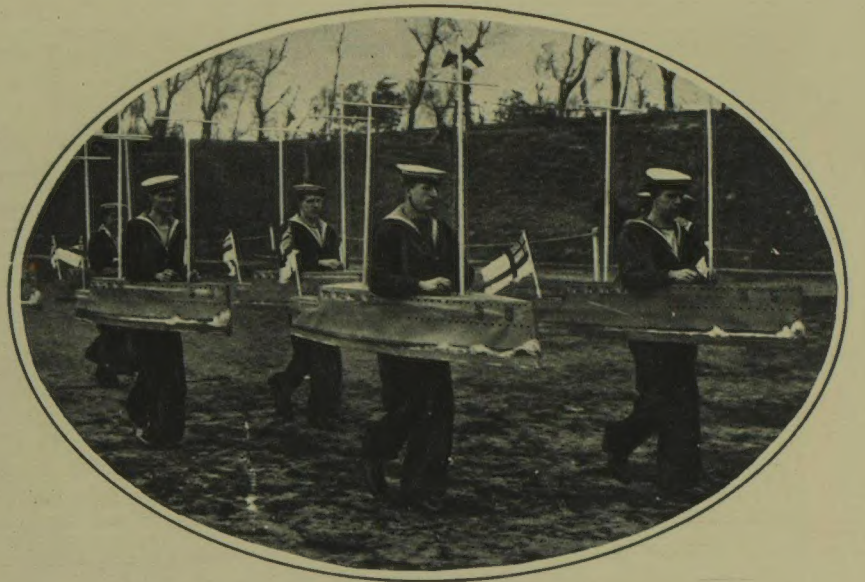
the "Renown" left Hong-Kong for Yokohama, arriving there on the 12th. Prince Hirohito, the Japanese Crown Prince Regent, greeted the Prince of Wales, and half a million people gave him enthusiastic welcome to the shores of Japan. The route from Yokohama to Tokio was ablaze with gorgeous decorations, and during the procession there were continuous shouts of "Banzai!" and singing of the British National Anthem. The Crown Prince Regent in his speech at the State banquet in Tokio said that it was a special pleasure "to renew the delightful fellowship" with the Prince of Wales which he had enjoyed in England: "the visit of a Prince of Wales to Japan was an event unprecedented in our history."

TOURNAMENT REHEARSALS; ROYALTY IN BRUSSELS; LEWES CASTLE.

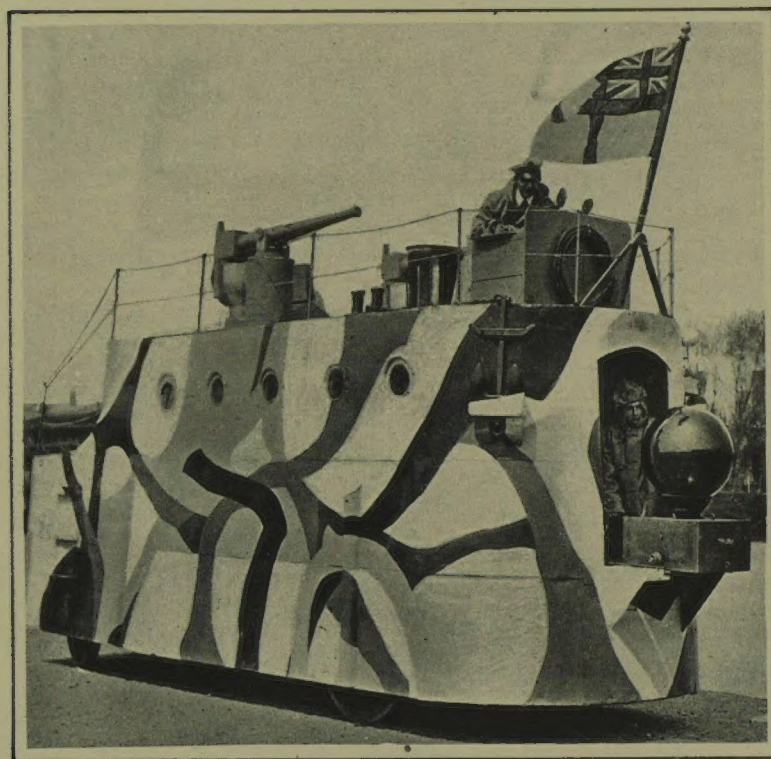
PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N. PHOTOPRESS: REEVES (LEWES), AND L.N.A.



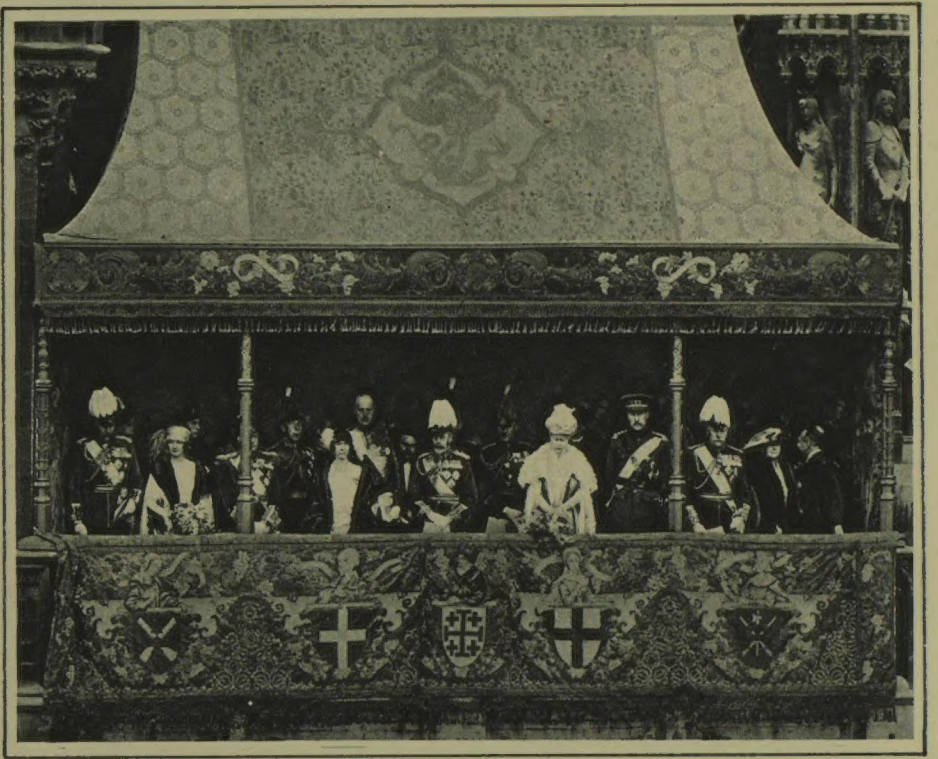
NELSON'S "VICTORY" AND THE FIRST STEAM-DRIVEN WAR-SHIP, THE "WARRIOR" OF 1861: REHEARSING THE NAVAL PAGEANT FOR THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT.



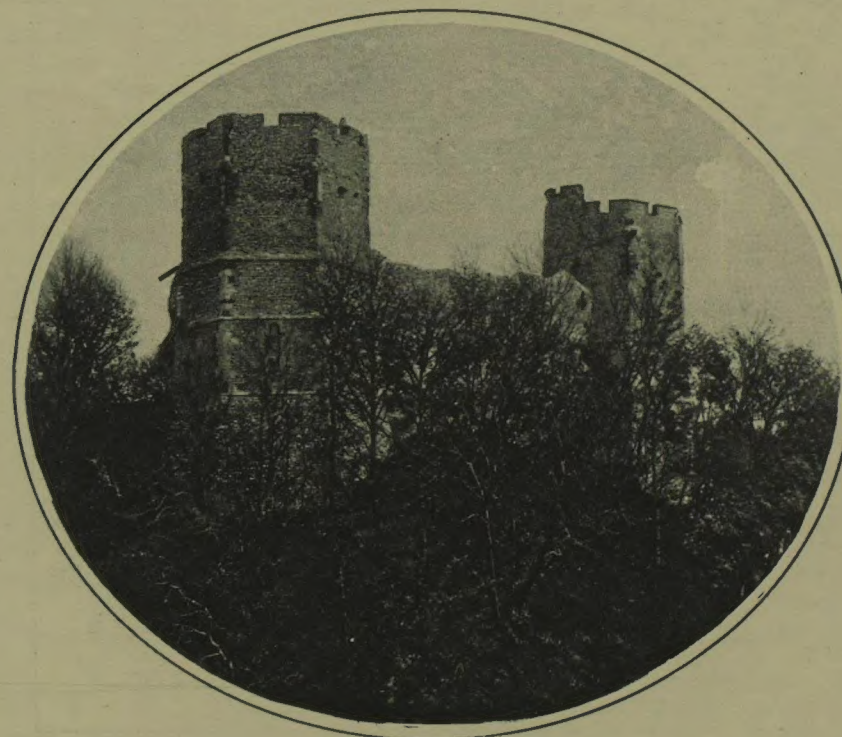
REPRESENTING SHIPS ANSWERING A FLAG-SHIP'S SIGNALS (SHOWN BY MASTS IN THE ARENA): REHEARSING THE FLEET MANŒUVRES DEMONSTRATION.



A DUMMY MINE EMERGING FROM THE STERN OF A CAMOUFLAGED MINE-LAYER: REHEARSING A NOVEL ITEM IN THE NAVAL DISPLAY.

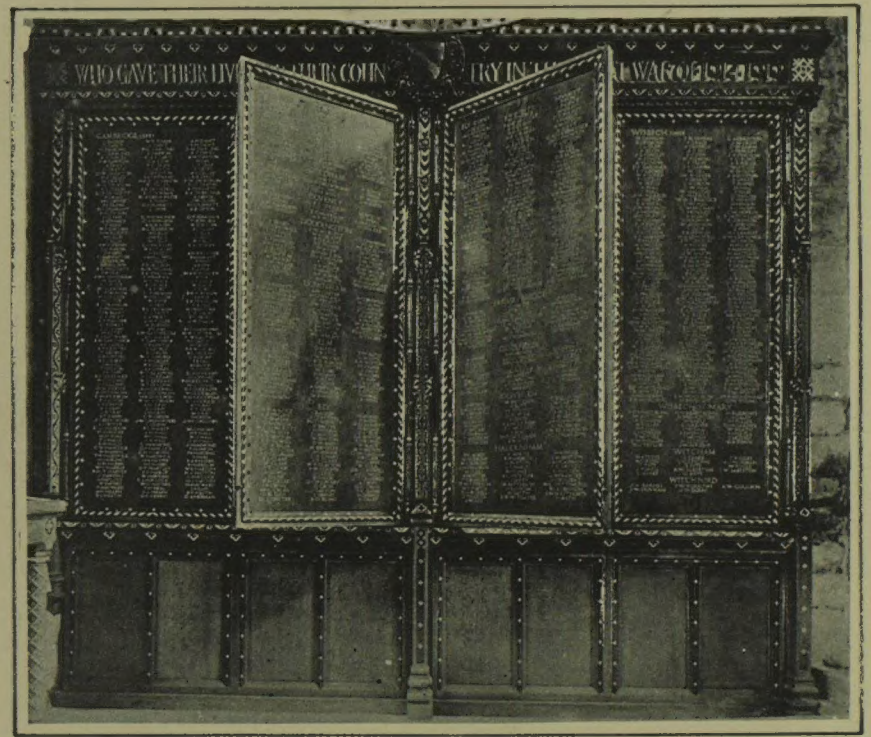


AT THE HÔTEL DE VILLE, BRUSSELS: (L. TO R., FROM 4TH IN FRONT) QUEEN ELIZABETH, KING GEORGE, QUEEN MARY, KING ALBERT, AND EARL HAIG.



PRESENTED TO THE SUSSEX ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY BY MR. C. THOMAS-STANFORD, M.P.: LEWES CASTLE, THE NORMAN STRONGHOLD OF THE EARLS DE WARRENNE.

The various displays composing the Naval section of the Royal Tournament, which the King arranged to open at Olympia on May 18, were rehearsed at Whale Island. The historical pageant shows six stages in the history of the Navy by accurate models (1-24th life size) of typical ships of each period with officers and men in contemporary uniform. The fourth period (1805) is represented by the "Victory," and the fifth (1861) by the old "Warrior," the first ironclad, which retained masts and sails besides engines. Fleet manœuvres by flag signals are displayed by men of the Royal Signal School at Portsmouth, representing ships answering the flag-ship's signals, given from masts at each end of the arena. The mine-laying display, a new item,

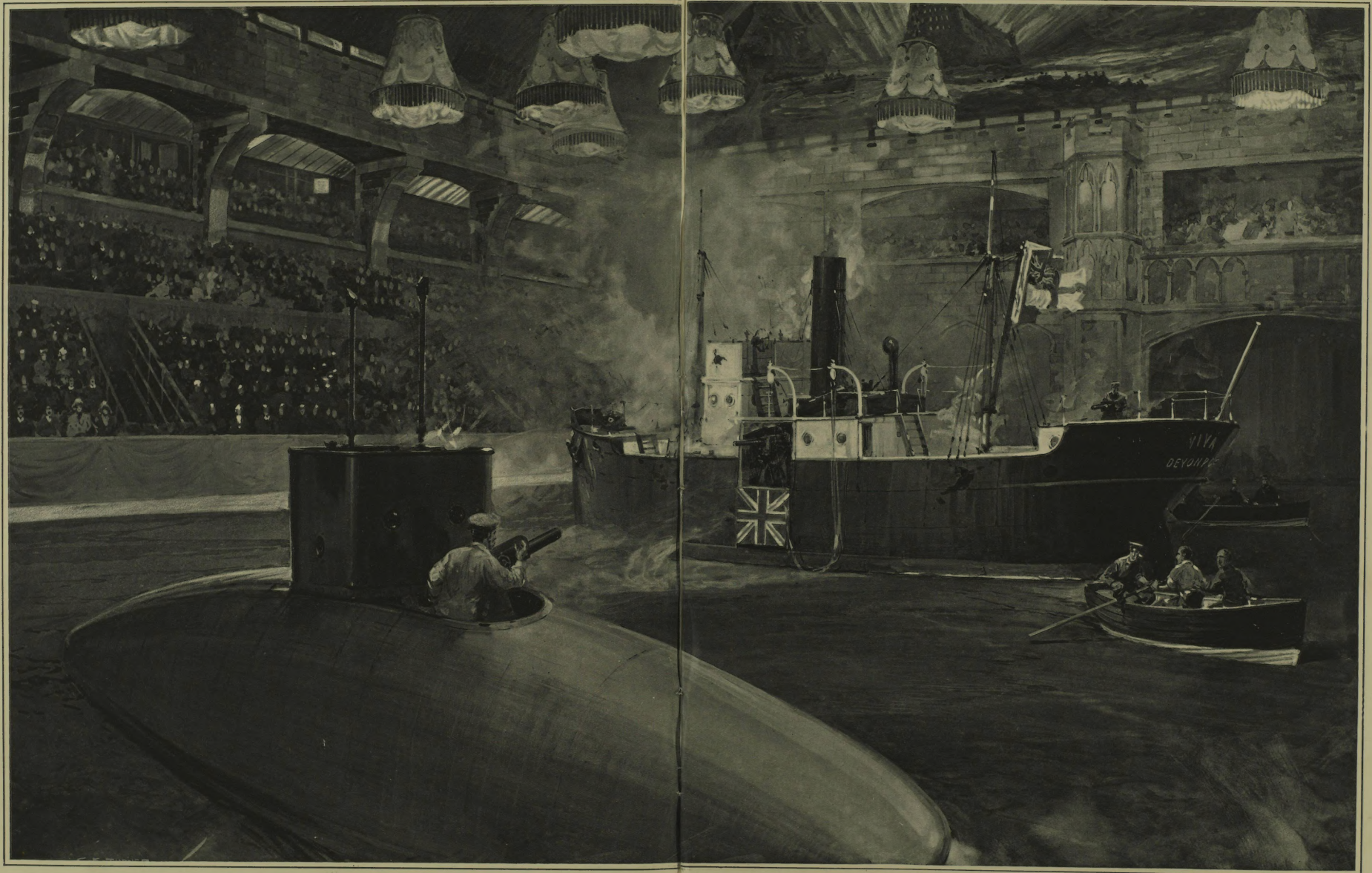


TO 5320 CAMBRIDGESHIRE AND ISLE OF ELY MEN: THE ROLL OF HONOUR IN A WAR MEMORIAL CHAPEL OPENED BY LORD HORNE IN ELY CATHEDRAL.

was produced by H.M.S. "Vernon," and "Dolphin," and H.M. Mining School. The dummy mines are much smaller than real ones. Each mine is dropped from the stern of the mine-layer with its sinker, which anchors it at a prearranged depth.—The King and Queen visited the Hôtel de Ville at Brussels on May 10, and were welcomed by the famous Burgomaster, M. Max. The first three figures in the front row are the Earl of Athlone, Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, and Earl Beatty (behind pillar).—Lewes Castle contains a fine antiquarian collection.—Lord Horne opened on May 11 in Ely Cathedral a War Memorial Chapel to 5320 Cambridgeshire and Isle of Ely men.

LIVE-BAIT FOR A STEEL FISH: A MYSTERY SHIP FIGHTING A "U"-BOAT—ON LAND!

DRAWN BY C. E. TURNER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE ROYAL TOURNAIMENT.



AFTER THE "Q"-SHIP HAS LURED THE GERMAN SUBMARINE TOWARDS HER: A "PANIC PARTY" LEAVING THE DISGUISED WAR-SHIP, AS THOUGH IN FEAR: THE WHITE ENSIGN RUN UP; AND FIRE OPENED—A SCENE FROM THE NAVAL PAGEANT, AT THE ROYAL TOURNAIMENT AT OLYMPIA.

During the war, it was the business of those remarkable mystery craft, the "Q"-ships, to lure German submarines to destruction. A sailing-ship, with auxiliary engine, or a tramp steamer, would be disguised for the purpose. She would fly a neutral flag; be painted with the name and place of a neutral; and would appear as easy prey for the "U"-boat. Jogging along the waters, she would tempt the submarine as near as she could, those visible aboard her dressed as merchant seamen and as passengers, the better deceive the enemy. On the "U"-boat coming near enough, the civilian crew of the "Q"-ship would

appear to be in fear, and would take to their boats and abandon the ship, apparently leaving their vessel empty. Then, in due time, the White Ensign would be hoisted; gun-screens would be dropped; and fire would be opened. Many submarines met their end in this fashion; sunk either by the "Q"-ships' gunfire or by the explosion of depth charges. So far as such an action can be shown on land, it is very well demonstrated in the arena at Olympia, during the Tournament. An article on the subject will be found on our "Best of the Book" page.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

AFTER TWELVE YEARS: THE OBER-AMMERGAU PASSION PLAY AGAIN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. BRUCKMANN, MUNICH; SUPPLIED BY W. A. MANSELL AND CO.



"AND THE GOVERNOR ASKED HIM, ART THOU THE KING OF THE JEWS? AND JESUS SAID UNTO HIM, THOU SAYEST": CHRIST (ANTON LANG) BEFORE PILATE IN THE PASSION-PLAY AT OBER-AMMERGAU.



"O JERUSALEM, JERUSALEM . . . HOW OFTEN WOULD I HAVE GATHERED THY CHILDREN TOGETHER, AS A HEN DOTH GATHER HER BROOD UNDER HER WINGS": CHRIST LOOKING OUT OVER THE CITY.

The famous Passion Play performed by the villagers of Ober-Ammergau, in Bavaria, did not take place during the last twelve years, a longer interval than usual owing to the war. It was arranged to give the first performance of this year's revival on Sunday, May 14. A day or two before—on the 11th—one of the principals, Anton Mayr, who was to have taken the part of St. Thomas, died of pneumonia, and the event caused consternation in the village, where it was regarded

as a bad omen. The representation of Christ was again assigned, for the third time, to Anton Lang, who is a potter by trade. Most of the villagers are engaged in wood-carving. They all perform their parts in a spirit of the utmost reverence. Anton Lang himself is reported to have refused great sums offered to him by American film-producers to go to America, declaring that he might not be worthy to appear as Christ if he became rich. The whole population of the village

[Continued opposite.]

THE PASSION ENACTED BY VILLAGERS: OBER-AMMERGAU SCENES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. BRUCKMANN, MUNICH; SUPPLIED BY W. A. MANSELL AND CO.



"JESUS TOOK BREAD . . . AND GAVE IT TO THE DISCIPLES, AND SAID, TAKE, EAT; THIS IS MY BODY":
THE LAST SUPPER AS REPRESENTED IN THE PASSION PLAY AT OBER-AMMERGAU.



"DAUGHTERS OF JERUSALEM, WEEP NOT FOR ME, BUT WEEP FOR YOURSELVES, AND FOR YOUR CHILDREN":
CHRIST ON THE WAY TO CALVARY, WITH SIMON OF CYRENE BEARING THE CROSS.

Continued.
takes part in the play, and the cast numbers about 1150 people. The stage is nearly 50 yards across, and can easily hold a crowd of 500 performers at a time. The production of the Passion Play is the fulfilment of a communal pledge made some 260 years ago (in 1663), when Ober-Ammergau was stricken with the plague, and the villagers vowed that, if the pestilence were removed, they would act a play every ten years setting forth with all due reverence the life and death of

the Saviour. The scene on the way to Calvary is based on St. Luke xxiii., 26-8. "And as they led him away, they laid hold upon one Simon, a Cyrenian, coming out of the country, and on him they laid the cross, that he might bear it after Jesus. And there followed him a great company of people, and of women, which also bewailed and lamented him. But Jesus turning unto them said, Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children."

"OUR KING WENT FORTH ON PILGRIMAGE": VISITING GRAVES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

IN THE KEEPING OF "TRIED AND GENEROUS FRIENDS."

TOPICAL AND G.P.U.



THE QUEEN'S TRIBUTE TO BRITISH DEAD IN FRANCE: HER MAJESTY LAYING A WREATH AT THE STONE OF REMEMBRANCE IN TERLINCHTUN CEMETERY, NEAR BOULOGNE.



THE KING AT THE GRAVE OF HIS COUSIN, PRINCE MAURICE OF SASSON, AT THE BRITISH EXTENSION CEMETERY.



BATTENBERG, IN BELGIUM: HIS MAJESTY IN THE YPRES TOWN MILITARY CEMETERY.



"I COME TO LAY THIS WREATH ON THE TOMBS OF THE HEROIC SOLDIERS OF FRANCE": THE KING IN THE FRENCH CEMETERY AT NOTRE DAME DE LORETTE.



"AND A STARK SWORD BROODING ON THE BOSOM OF THE CROSS" THE KING (ABOUT TO READ HIS ADDRESS) AND THE QUEEN IN THE BRITISH CEMETERY, TERLINCHTUN.



"POTENT ADVOCATES OF PEACE UPON EARTH... THIS MASSES MULTITUDE OF LOOKING OVER A GREAT EXpanse OF GRAVES AT



SILENT WITNESSES TO THE DESOLATION OF WAR: THE KING (IN CENTRE) AT ETAPLES, WHERE LIE MANY OF THE DOMINION'S DEAD.



A COMPACT SEALED BY THE KING PLACING HIS HAND UPON THE MARSHALS' HANDS: MARSHAL FOCH AND EARL HAIG SHAKING HANDS BEFORE HIS MAJESTY.

The visit of the King and Queen to the war graves in Belgium and France was an expression of national feeling towards our Allies of great value in these days. When Marshal Foch and Earl Haig shook hands, the King placed his hand on theirs to seal the compact. Beginning with the cemeteries in Belgium on May 11, and afterwards passing into France, their Majesties spent three days in their tour of the graves which has been so finely celebrated in Kipling's new poem, "The King's Pilgrimage." On May 12 the King visited the great new French cemetery at Notre Dame de Lorette, where he was greeted by Marshal Foch, and laid a wreath of red roses, palm, and laurel, at the foot of a high mound. On the third day their Majesties visited the British cemetery at Etaples, where many of the Dominion dead lie, and the great Terlinchtun cemetery above Boulogne, where 3200 British soldiers are buried. At the Stone

of Remembrance, draped in the Union Jack, the Queen laid a wreath of carnations and rosemary, and the King, standing before the Cross of Sacrifice, delivered a moving address. "In this fair land of France," he said, "which sustained the utmost fury of the long strife, our brothers are numbered, alas! by hundreds of thousands. They lie in the keeping of a tried and generous friend, a resolute and chivalrous comrade-in-arms, who with ready and quick sympathy has set aside for ever the soil in which they sleep, so that we ourselves and our descendants may for all time reverently tend and preserve their resting-places. . . . I have many times asked myself whether there can be more potent advocates of peace upon earth through the years to come than this massed multitude of silent witnesses to the desolation of war." In a message to President Millerand, his Majesty again expressed the nation's thanks to France for the gift of the ground.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

AS long ago as Dec. 31 last year, this page made some attempt to account for the popularity of "If Winter Comes." Our tentative theory may be right or wrong, that is neither here nor there; and to-day it is only one among many efforts to pluck the heart out of Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's mystery. Opinions are now as numerous as readers, and truth may still lie at the bottom of the well. One new point, however, emerges from this discussion—viz., that we have grown a marvellously introspective people. Time was when enthusiasm

but, first of all, it is gorgeously amusing. The writer is the Rev. Cyril Alington, Headmaster of Eton since 1916. Happy are the pupils of a Head who can thus unbend the bow. He must be of Mr. Wotton's opinion (given later in Ascham's dialogue) when "he inclined to Mr. Secretarie's judgement, and said, the Scholchouse should be indeede, as it is called by name, the house of playe and pleasure, and not of feare and bondage."

"Strained Relations" belongs to one branch of the recent fantastic movement in fiction. Books of this kind seem to fall into two divisions: those

that deal with an entirely unreal world, and those where the scene is laid in everyday surroundings. In the latter the place and the people might very well be actual; it is the play of incident alone that is fantastic. Mr. Cabell represents the confessedly unreal; Mr. Aldous Huxley, Mr. Norman Douglas, Mr. Norman Davey, and Mr. Walpole in "The Young Enchanted," stand for the second class. Midway is Mr. De La Mare's "The Midget," which moves in a world charmingly indeterminate.

As fantastic a title as has recently gladdened the blasé reader's eyes

does not fulfil its promise of fantasy, for the story is wholly realistic, being, in fact, what used to be called "a slice of life." The title aroused great expectations and awakened various memories which may be described quite justly as "intriguing," little as one cares to employ that deeply abused term. For these memories I was indebted to people so different as Aubrey Beardsley and little Mr. Bouncer. Mr. Verdant Green's versatile friend, Mr.

Bouncer, you remember, had a happy description (quoted appreciatively by his scout, Mr. Robert Filcher) of his exuberant mood in which he made unearthly noises on the post-horn. He called it "going the complete Unicorn." It is a sublime phrase. Small wonder then that Mr. Alec Waugh's new novel, "THE LONELY UNICORN" (Richards; 7s. 6d.) raised my hopes, for that fabulous creature suggests magnificent possibilities or, better still, impossibilities. Beardsley intervened with his Helen, who kept a tame unicorn called Adolphe, and, rarer still, had in her library a remarkable pamphlet entitled "A Plea for the Domestication of the Unicorn." To a mind prepared by such pregnant memories, the prospect Mr. Waugh held out was certainly very bright; but he has declined

all his glowing chances. In fact, he has domesticated his unicorn, and done so in a way that robs the creature of all its fabulous mystery.

This is not to condemn the story of Ronald Whateley's love-affairs and adventures. But anyone with a real and well-founded tenderness for unicorns has a right to expect something very different. A unicorn, on any terms, is romantic enough, but a lonely unicorn—what an opportunity for fantasy! But, instead, Mr. Waugh has given us a public-school boy metamorphosed later into a commercial traveller. If only this title had occurred, say, to Mr. Aldous Huxley, or one or other of our professed fantasticals! However, this is a purely personal grievance. Accepted on its pedestrian lines, Mr. Waugh's novel presents a skilful portrait of a commonplace young man, pursuing love and business.

That bold combatant, Mr. H. L. Mencken, whose books Mr. Jonathan Cape introduced to British readers, has received through the American Bookman for May an open letter in reply to his strictures on the English novel, and on English contemporary criticism. The opposing champion, Mr. Hugh Walpole, takes Mr. Mencken firmly, but in the most friendly way, to task for his statements that English critics are engaged in a sort of conspiracy against the contemporary American novel, and that "the English reviewer is a fellow of small cliques and coteries who is engaged in praising only the works of his own set." "Never," says Mr. Walpole, "was there anything false. The fact of the matter is that there is a very wholesome tendency among English critics here to knock any novelist on the head as soon as he shows signs of getting above himself." Mr. Walpole reminds Mr. Mencken how several newly-fledged, or half-fledged, English novelists have suffered from the paternal blessing of Henry James, who "gave them undue prominence." Swinnerton, universally praised at first, became, after "Nocturne," "a definite representative of the younger English novel, and therefore a legitimate Aunt Sally." Reviewers will thank Mr. Walpole for rebutting the charge of log-rolling (the reply comes better from a novelist than from a critic), but I question if he does the critics (a set of honest, if not infallible knaves) a service when he says that, after a novelist reaches a certain point of eminence, he becomes, therefore, a legitimate Aunt Sally. That is, surely, to charge the critics with conduct as essentially uncritical as common puffery.

BOOKS YOU SHOULD READ.

THE LYTTTELTON CASE. By R. A. V. Morris. (Collins. 7s. 6d. net.)

The problem of the disappearance of Sir James Lyttelton was peculiarly baffling, and it was the chance discovery of a body floating in a Sussex stream which provided the first clue.



MAKING HORSESHOES WORTH 25 GUILDERS EACH—TO AN AMERICAN: THE GERMAN EX-CROWN PRINCE WORKING IN EXILE, WITH FARRIER LUIJT.

In exile, the ex-Crown Prince has tried his hand at the making of horseshoes. For one of his forging an American offered 25 guilders.—[From "The Memoirs of the Crown Prince of Germany"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Thornton Butterworth, Ltd. See Review on p. 756.]

ON LIFE AND LETTERS. By Anatole France. (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d. net.)

A series of essays by the great French author well translated, and the latest volume of the complete works which John Lane is publishing.



THE GERMAN EX-CROWN PRINCE AS FAMILY MAN: WITH HIS WIFE, FIVE OF HIS CHILDREN, AND THE MAYOR AND MAYORESS OF WIERINGEN.

The ex-Crown Prince writes: "Whenever the newspapers printed such things as 'The Divorce of the Crown Prince Imminent,' my wife and I had a good laugh over the matter. . . . She has presented me with six healthy and dear children."—[From "The Memoirs of the Crown Prince of Germany"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Thornton Butterworth, Ltd.—See Review on p. 756.]

for a novel sufficed in itself. The anxious American readers who waited on the pier until the mail-boat should bring the news whether Paul Dombey was dead did not stay to ask themselves the reason for their interest. "The pace was too good to inquire." But now self-consciousness drives us to inquire within upon everything. Does it imply a greater or a less spontaneity in the enjoyment of fiction?

Leaving that question aside, the spirit of anxious inquiry into causes certainly suggests a consciousness of surprise that this novel should have taken us so mightily by storm. The element of surprise, if true, would be entirely appropriate and very significant. For Mark Sabre might have been expected to arouse nothing but impatience in the average level-headed reader. Instead of which, Mark has gone about stealing hearts, the hearts of average sensible readers. At that we must leave it. Can any analysis supply an ultimate reason for the power of any individual, real or fictitious, to steal hearts? The question is as hard to determine as its converse, of which Dr. Fell provides the leading case.

Mention of Dr. Fell and pedagogy recalls an adventure among books, the chief adventure that falls to the lot of the professional scribe, and of adventures not the worst in a quiet way. Chance occasion for a reference, quite independent of current fiction, led me to take down Roger Ascham, whose pleasant talk brought up again this familiar passage—

I have strange news brought me, sayth Mr. Secretarie [Cecil], this morning, that diverse Scholars of Eaton, be runne awaie from the Schole, for feare of beating. Whereupon, Mr. Secretarie took occasion, to wishe, that some more discretion were in many Scholemasters, in using correction, than commonlie there is.

A little later, Ascham's words received a fresh, whimsical, and adventurous turn when a book of the day (among the lot awaiting sacrifice at this altar) showed the Twentieth Century Eton schoolmaster in a very amiable light as a discretionary corrector of minor morals and Society whim-whams. For birch, he uses his gift of super-excellent fooling. "STRAINED RELATIONS" (Macmillan; 6s.) tells how a young baronet, bold but not bad, persuaded the guests at his country house to masquerade as other than they were. The resulting extravagant imbroglia conveys incidentally much shrewd criticism of life and the foibles of Society;

WITH A MAN'S LIFE IN THE BALANCE: DIGNIFIED LEGAL ARGUMENTS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I



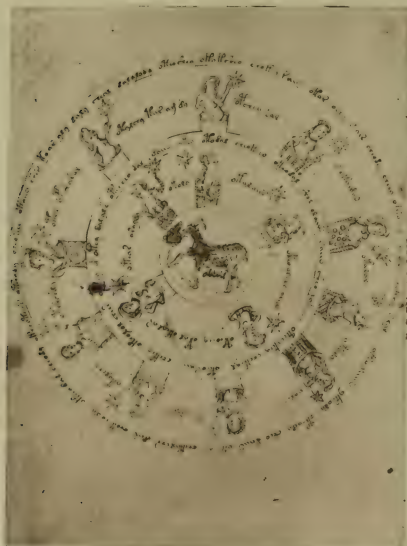
THE ARMSTRONG APPEAL: THE COURT OF CRIMINAL APPEAL SITTING IN THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE'S COURT—
(LEFT TO RIGHT ON THE BENCH)—MR. JUSTICE AVORY; THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE; MR. JUSTICE SHEARMAN.

The Court of Criminal Appeal on May 15 dismissed Major Herbert Rowse Armstrong's appeal against sentence of death for poisoning his wife. Later Sir H. Curtis Bennett, his counsel, stated that there would be an appeal to the House of Lords if the Attorney-General gave permission. The Court of Criminal Appeal was established in 1907. For years previous to that time law reformers, many of whom were prominent advocates and Judges, had insisted on the need for and worked for the creation of such a Court. In 1904 the Beck case and subsequently the Edalji case fixed public attention on the urgency of the reform. The Court itself

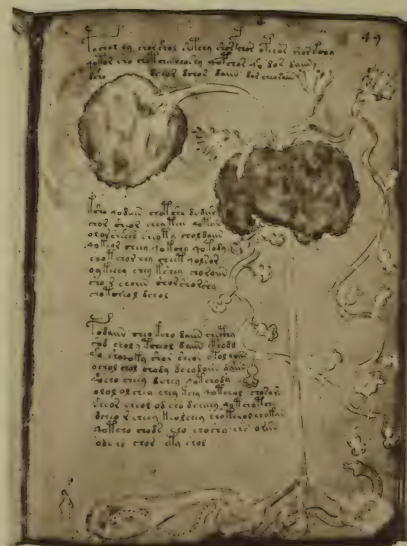
may consist of the Lord Chief Justice and all the Judges of the King's Bench Division; but, in practice, it is usually formed of three Judges, the President of the Court in important matters being the Lord Chief Justice. In cases where the issues are not vital the Court may consist of any two or three Judges without the Lord Chief Justice. In the new block of buildings at the Law Courts, a court was expressly built as the Court of Criminal Appeal, but it is less convenient than is the Court of the Lord Chief Justice, where, as in this case, issues of life and death are finally decided.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

DID ROGER BACON USE TELESCOPE AND MICROSCOPE?—A

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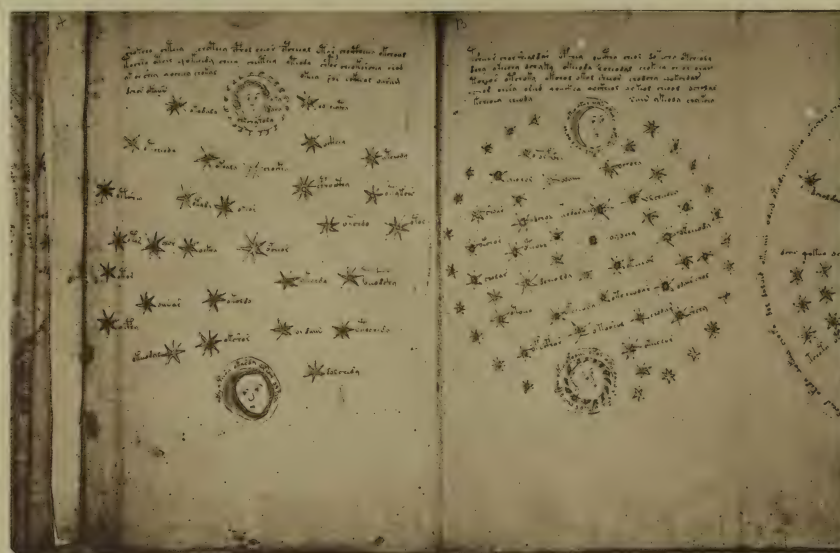
BELIEVED TO REFER TO A CABALISTIC THEORY OF THE RELATIONS BETWEEN SOUL AND MATTER: A SYMBOLIC DRAWING ON P. 70 OF THE CIPHER MS.



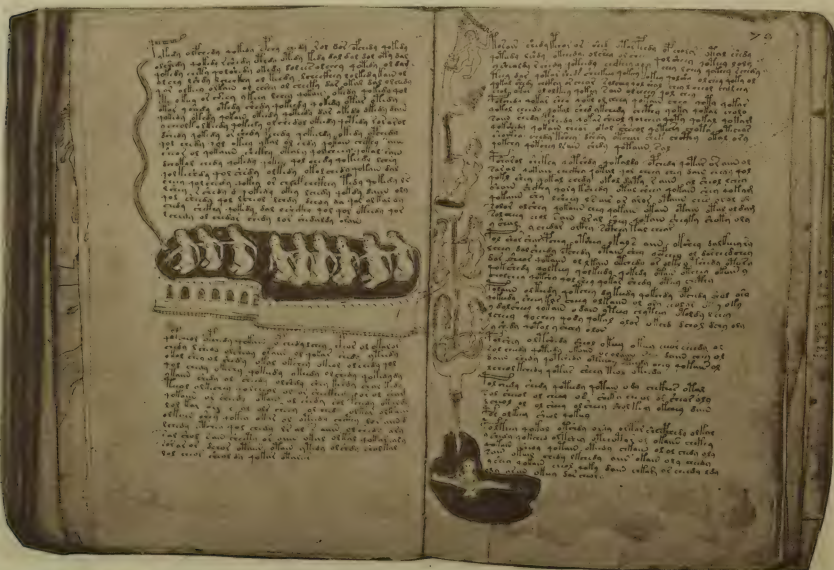
PROBABLY DEALING WITH THE PHARMACOLOGY OF A MEDICINAL PLANT: P. 49 OF THE CIPHER MS.—ONE OF THE NUMEROUS WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS.

13TH-CENTURY CIPHER MS. MYSTERY AND ALLEGED KEY.

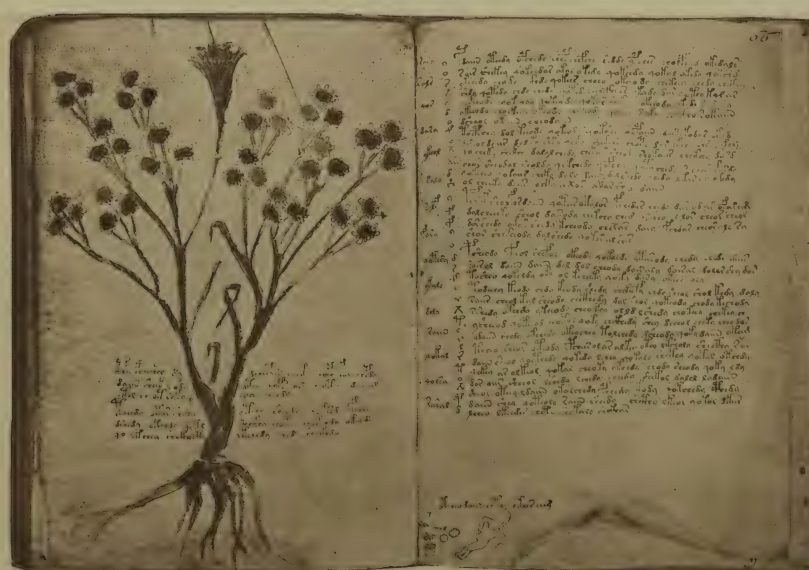
OF MR. W. M. VOYNICH. (SEE ARTICLE.)



"THE OBSERVATIONS . . . INCLUDE RECORDS OF HITHERTO UNRECORDED ECLIPSES, SUCH AS ONE TAKEN AT OXFORD ON SEPTEMBER 5, 1273, A DATE WHICH ASTRONOMERS HAVE NOW VERIFIED": TWO PAGES FROM THE ASTRONOMICAL SECTION OF THE CIPHER MS.



"SEVERAL SECTIONS OF THE WORK OBVIOUSLY RELATE TO ANATOMY": CURIOUS DIAGRAMMATIC ILLUSTRATIONS SHOWING MICROSCOPIC DETAILS.—TWO PAGES FROM THE ANATOMICAL PORTION OF THE CIPHER MS.



"THE WORK SEEMS LIKELY TO REVOLUTIONISE OUR PREVIOUS IDEAS OF THE EXTENT OF MEDIAEVAL SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE": TWO PAGES FROM THE BOTANICAL SECTION OF THE CIPHER MS., SHOWING A PLANT AT PRESENT UNIDENTIFIED.

A taste for ciphers seems to run in the Bacon family. Here we are concerned, not with Francis Bacon and his alleged authorship of "Shakespeare," but with his namesake who lived three centuries earlier—Roger Bacon (c. 1214–1294), the "Admirable Doctor" of the thirteenth century, generally regarded as the father of experimental science. The story of the mysterious manuscript here illustrated, which tradition has attributed to him, is told in an article on another page of this number, by Mr. Henry Garland. Briefly—the MS. was found some years ago by Mr. W. M. Voynich, the well-known antiquary and bibliophile, in a castle "somewhere" on the Continent, (the exact place he does not reveal) among a collection formed by the Dukes of Parma in the eighteenth century. It is written in an unknown script (evidently a cipher) which baffled all the efforts of scholars to

elucidate, until Professor Romaine Newbold, of Pennsylvania University, recently claimed to have found the key to the mystery in some jargon Latin words at the end of the MS. (reproduced on the page containing Mr. Garland's article). According to Professor Newbold, each letter is composed of several ancient Greek shorthand signs, and even when they have been translated a complex process has to be gone through to arrive at the final Latin text which the strange hieroglyphics are said to represent. Certain passages so far deciphered on this system indicate that Roger Bacon (if he wrote the MS.) was familiar with the telescope and microscope, whose existence had not been suspected earlier than the seventeenth century. The "Scientific American," rejecting Professor Newbold's theory, suggests that the cipher probably conceals "some secret, unorthodox ritual and creed."

A LITERARY PUZZLE SOLVED?

THE "ROGER BACON" CIPHER MS.

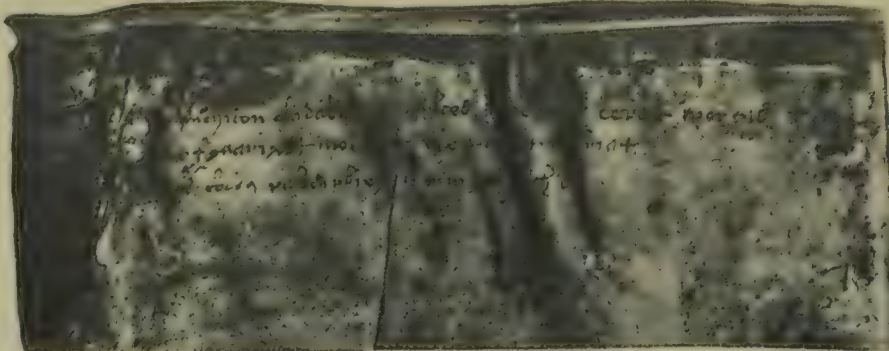
By HERBERT GARLAND.

ABOUT ten years ago a mysterious manuscript was discovered in an old chest where it had lain hidden and forgotten among other mediæval manuscripts which in former days had probably belonged to one of the now extinct Italian royal houses. It was found by Mr. W. M. Voynich, the well-known specialist in manuscript and books of antiquity. The manuscript is a small volume written in strange hieroglyphics, evidently a cipher, and illustrated with many water-colour drawings of an equally puzzling character. Soon after it had come into his possession Mr. Voynich submitted photographs to experts in this and other countries, but none of them was able to offer a suggestion that might lead to the unravelling of the mystery. Except that from internal evidence the manuscript could be recognised as having been written in England during the thirteenth century, its secret seemed fated to remain intact.

Meanwhile, Mr. Voynich himself tried to find out something about its previous owners, traces of whose unsuccessful attempts to read this strange writing remain. Attached to the front cover of the volume when it was found was a letter, written by the seventeenth-century scientist Marcus Marci, and dated from Prague in 1666, presenting the book to another well-known scientist of that time, Athanasius Kircher. More interesting still was the statement in the letter that this was a work by Roger Bacon, the great English writer of the thirteenth century, who has now come to be regarded as a pioneer in experimental methods in science. Another clue was accidentally revealed in photographing the manuscript, when a marginal signature was disclosed of Tepenecz, or Horcicky, who invented an early species of eau-de-Cologne and is known to have been on familiar terms with the Emperor Rudolph II. From this and other evidence it is clear that the manuscript was at Prague during the eccentric reign of Rudolph, a monarch who surrounded himself with scientific men of all kinds. How the manuscript found its way from England to Prague cannot at present be definitely determined, but it has been suggested that it may have been taken there by Dr. John Dee, the Elizabethan astrologer and mathematician, who is known to have possessed several Bacon manuscripts previously looted from the dissolved monasteries.

One of the scholars who examined the manuscript was Professor Romaine Newbold, an experienced archivist and now Professor of Philosophy at Pennsylvania University. At first his labours seemed likely to be as profitless as those of the other investigators, but after many months of close work he discovered that some jargon Latin words on the last page of the volume contained a key. Roger Bacon was interested in Greek shorthand, and wrote about it in his Greek grammar. According to Professor Newbold, the characters in this manuscript, when examined with a magnifying-glass of low power, can be seen to be made up of small signs in Greek stenography. The shorthand system used is based mainly on one known to the ancients. When the microscopic signs have been translated into Latin letters, the key shows how they must then be treated.

The final Latin text is arrived at after a complicated process of six stages, during which the letters are grouped in pairs and substitutions found for letters which have to be changed owing to a simplified alphabet having been used. Very elaborate tables have been compiled for this complicated process by Professor Newbold.



SAID TO CONTAIN THE KEY TO THE CIPHER: PART OF THE LAST PAGE OF THE MS., WITH SOME CRYPTIC WORDS IN LATIN.

"On the last page of the MS.," writes Mr. Herbert Garland, "are some apparently meaningless Latin words: *michiton oladabas multos te fecer cerc portas*, which Professor Newbold reduced to: *michi dabas multos (sic) portas* (thou gavest me many gates). Familiar with the significance of the word 'porta' in the *Kabbala*, he found its meaning here in a key which discloses part of the system used in the cipher."

By Courtesy of "Harper's Magazine."

These have already been communicated to a number of scholars, but their reproduction must wait until the publication of Professor Newbold's forthcoming book, in which the full history of his

when printed, will fill about twelve large volumes. Certain passages already deciphered are of extraordinary interest. The work is in the form of a record of observations and experiments in chemistry, botany, astronomy, and other branches of science, and seems likely to revolutionise our previous ideas of the extent of mediæval scientific

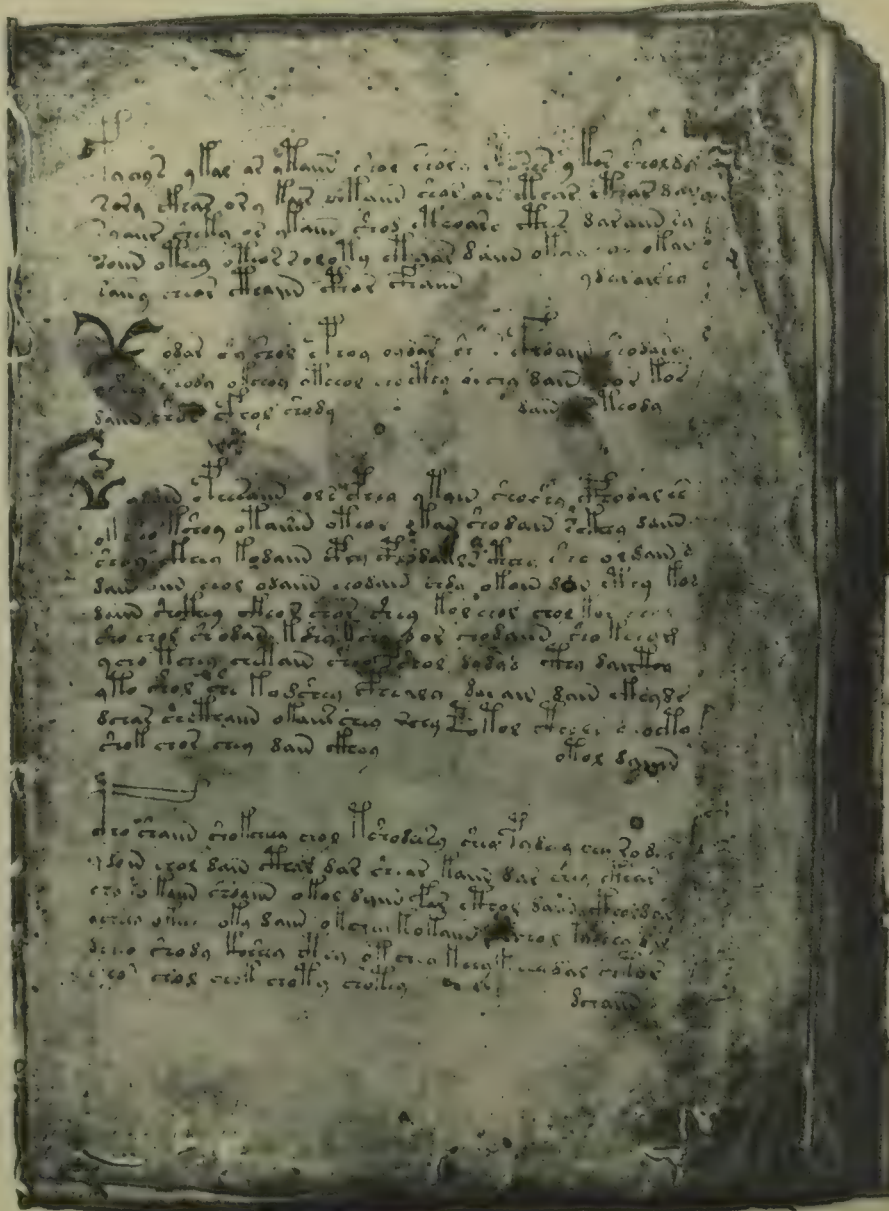
knowledge. The observations sometimes begin in the mediæval style: "I Roger Bacon . . ." and include records of hitherto unrecorded eclipses, such as one taken at Oxford, Sept. 5, 1273, a date which astronomers have now verified. Still more interesting is a passage describing one of the drawings which represents an object seen "in a concave mirror" (*vidi in speculo concavo*). This is now identified as the Great Nebula of Andromeda, disclosing features invisible to the naked eye. The significance of all this is manifest. The use of reflecting telescopes was previously unsuspected before the seventeenth century, as was also the use of the microscope. But it appears that not only must a microscope have been used in the compilation of this manuscript, but also used in connection with experiments.

Several sections of the work obviously relate to anatomy and theories of generation, accompanied by odd drawings of figures. One drawing has been identified as representing stages in the fertilisation of the ovum, showing various microscopic details.

Previously known manuscripts of works by Roger Bacon, such as those at the Vatican, Paris, the British Museum, and elsewhere, have been known to contain passages in jargon Latin which have been thought to be cipher. These passages have never been read, although some early writers pretended to do so. Lately, Professor Newbold's work of deciphering the Voynich manuscript has been interrupted by work in connection with these other manuscripts, which he claims can be now read by aid of the key, and hopes will throw light on his main task. In one manuscript he has found that a passage which was previously taken to be a secretly written chemical formula is really a contemporary account of a thirteenth-century raid made by certain knights on the friars at Oxford. The knights objected to the inquisition instituted by Edward I., by which the clergy should inquire into crime. The knights' onslaught was only prevented, according to Bacon's account, by his setting fire to multi-coloured powder (i.e., gunpowder) and frightening them away. In another recently deciphered passage Bacon gives a formula for precipitating pure copper which apparently was previously unrecorded in textbooks. Chemists have now ascertained that it acts as Bacon states, but is of no commercial value.

In his work "De Secretis Operibus artis et Naturæ," Bacon speaks of the means by which the learned hide their secrets in ciphers, and it is thought that he had special need of this protection. Whether it was his attacks on the leading men of his day which brought about his condemnation at Paris in 1277 we do not know, but probably the

break in his work from that date until 1292 was due to a prohibition being placed on his writing. It has been suggested that the Voynich manuscript will reveal the true history of those silent years.



EACH LETTER SAID TO BE BUILT UP OF ANCIENT GREEK SHORTHAND SIGNS: THE FIRST PAGE OF THE CIPHER MS., IN AN UNKNOWN SCRIPT.

"The mysterious symbols of the MS.," writes Professor J. M. Manly, of Chicago, "have, according to Professor Newbold, no significance in themselves, but are merely a means of carrying and concealing microscopic signs, devised from ancient Greek shorthand. The strokes of each visible letter . . . are built up of signs closely packed together—usually about ten signs to each letter. An ordinary reading glass will show at once the composite structure of the letters."—[By Courtesy of W. M. Voynich.]

investigations is to be given. The task of deciphering the whole manuscript is a very considerable one, for it is estimated that there are some 800,000 words to be dealt with, and that the text,



THE REVIVAL OF THE POTTER'S ART: AT THE KILN.

The principal "Revivalist" in the picture—which the artist names "The Revivalists"—is Mr. Charles Vyse, the well-known potter. He is seen at work beside kiln on his pottery figures, which were shown at the Collector's Gallery in Sloane Street. Mr. Stott's picture was exhibited in last year's Royal Academy.

From the Painting by W. R. S. Stott. By Courtesy of the Proprietor of the Collector's Gallery, 56, Sloane Street, W. Copyright Strictly Reserved



HAUNT OF "THE PRINCESS WHO MAKES THE FLOWERS OF THE TREES TO BLOSSOM": MOUNT FUJI-YAMA, JAPAN'S IDOL OF SUBLIMITY.

Describing Mt. Fuji in his delightful book, "In Lotus Land—Japan," of which Messrs. Dent are preparing an enlarged edition, Mr. Herbert Ponting writes: "At the crater's eastern lip there is a Shinto shrine . . . of Sengen Sama, otherwise known as Kono-hana-sakuya-himé-no-mikoto—'the Princess who makes the Flowers of the Trees to Blossom,' which ranks high among the holiest of Holy Places of the Empire."

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY HERBERT G. PONTING, F.R.G.S., FROM HIS BOOK, "IN LOTUS LAND—JAPAN," WHICH CONTAINS THE MOST EXHAUSTIVE DESCRIPTION OF THE MOUNTAIN.



“THE FISHERMEN.”

By CHARLES WHYMPER, R.I.

Mr. Whympers picture illustrates England's most brilliant bird, the Kingfisher.

Shown at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours Exhibition, 1921. Copyright Strictly Reserved.

The Best of the Book

LIVE-BAIT FOR STEEL FISH: THE Q-SHIPS IN ACTION.*

WHEN the success of *U.9* in sinking the three "Cressys" opened Germany's eyes to the potentialities of her submarines as weapons of offence, after the first of the enemy's undersea craft had penetrated the Dover Straits, after it had been shown that merchantmen were not to be immune from attack, it was obvious that naval warfare had entered upon a phase exceedingly dangerous to a Power dependent upon untrammelled traffic of the waters. A counterstroke was imperative. "The idea of decoy ships suggested itself. . . . The basic plan was for the Admiralty to take up a number of merchantmen and fishing craft, arm them with a few light quick-firing guns, and then send them forth to cruise in likely submarine areas, flying neutral colours. This was perfectly legitimate under International Law, provided that before opening fire on the enemy the neutral colours were lowered and the White Ensign was hoisted."

Victory did not come immediately; but with experience. As the "Hush" movements of men and craft became more frequent, the Q-ship acting as live-bait for the steel fish became deadlier.

Brain was pitted against brain, wile against wile, and the successors of Drake and of Nelson won.

The contest called for many virtues: cool courage; instant decision; superb seamanship; nerves that could stand the strain of monotony and fatigue; ceaseless vigilance; perfect discipline; the power to impel the will upon the enemy; and imagination—above all, imagination.

Triumph meant a bad end for the German. "When the Q-ship caused the enemy to be holed so that he could not rise and the water poured in, this water, as it moved forward in the submarine, was all the time compressing the air, and those of the crew who had not already committed suicide suffered agonies."

On the other hand, with failure Death was not always kind in swiftness. After the "Abandon ship," to deceive the enemy or from sheer necessity, passages in open boats might end tragically. "Men became hysterical, went mad, died, and had to be consigned to the depths, after suffering the terrors of thirst, hunger, fatigue, and prolonged suspense."

The ways of the Q-ship were peculiar. It being

would limp along, quite evidently easy quarry! Guns were ingeniously hidden behind hinged screens, dummy deck-houses, and dummy boats, and would rise from hatchways. Holds were filled with casks and timber, that the decoy might keep afloat as long as possible if torpedoed. Neutral flags were flown. New names were given at night, and new paint. Silhouettes were changed under cover of the darkness. Wireless was masked. On

suits, and mufflers, with a dirty old cloth cap." All would be well ready for cross-examination and to tell the tale glibly. "To surprise the enemy and yet not to let him surprise you was the aim."

The supreme Q-ship action was fought by the *Farnborough*, and her Captain (Commander Gordon Campbell, became, appropriately, the first mystery V.C.—his award being the first without announcement of the deed for which the cross was given.

In this case, it was decided that if the enemy, now keenly on the alert, were to be trapped, drastic means would have to be taken to deceive him.

"In his Order Book Captain Campbell had laid it down that 'Should the Officer of the Watch see a torpedo coming, he is to increase or decrease speed as necessary to ensure it hitting.' This order was read and signed by all his officers, so that there could be no misunderstanding. The intention was deliberated, premeditated self immolation for the greater object of fooling the submarine and then sinking him."

Therefore, when a long way off the torpedo was seen approaching, it could easily have been avoided; but, instead, the helm was put hard aport only at the last minute, and only so that it should strike the ship elsewhere than in the engine room. On came the steel fish and struck the ship abreast of No. 3 hold . . . causing a terrific explosion, and making a huge hole in the ship's side."

The Q-ship was "abandoned" save by those required on board. Her engine-room was filling. The submarine drew nearer, submerged, about a couple of hundred yards away, cautiously scrutinising her quarry through the periscope; then passed within thirteen yards. Despite tension and temptation, Captain Campbell held his hand. Finally the U-boat broke surface some three hundred yards on the port bow and motored complacently along the surface. The time had come. All the *Farnborough's* guns would bear, and fire was opened at point-blank range. The first shot from the six-pounder killed the German Captain; others shattered the hull; and the enemy sank, her conning-tower open, her crew pouring out.

Meantime, the decoy was going down by the stern, and her Captain sent the heroic wireless: "Q 5, slowly sinking, respectfully wishes you Good-

S.-1320b. (Established—May, 1900) (Revised—February, 1914)		P.O. of Watch—	
NAVAL SIGNAL.		Read by	
		Reported by	
Q 5	VA Queenstown via Valencia	Passed by	Ad
		Logged by	
		System	
		Date	Feb 4 th
		Time	1100
Q 5 slowly sinking respectfully wishes you goodbye 1100			
M 170400 Sta 5.14			

AFTER THE Q-SHIP "FARNBOROUGH" HAD ALLOWED HERSELF TO BE TORPEDOED, TO LURE THE ENEMY ON: CAPTAIN CAMPBELL'S WIRELESS FAREWELL.

Illustrations Reproduced from "Q-Ships and Their Story"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson.

one occasion at least suspicion was diverted by the engineer, who stood at the hatchway "amusingly disguised as a woman passenger, arrayed in a pink blouse and a tasselled cap which had been kindly provided by a lady ashore." The crew had to take care not to arouse suspicion by seeming too smart; the signalman not to be too perfect in his work!

The submarine having been spotted, or the characteristic beat of her engines having been heard by means of a hydrophone, the officer in command of the Q-boat would try his previously conceived plans, put his cunning to the test. Roughly, the procedure was: "Panic party" abandon ship, that the enemy might think that all aboard had taken to the boats in fear; down gun-screens; up with the White Ensign; open fire!

"In arranging action stations in a Q-ship the difficulty was that internally the vessel had to be organised as a war-ship, while externally she must necessarily keep up the character of a merchantman. In 'Penshurst' Captain Grenfell had arranged for the following signals to be rung from the bridge on the alarm gong. One long ring meant that a submarine was in sight, and that the crew were to stand by at their respective stations; if followed by a short ring it denoted the enemy was on the starboard side; if two short rings the submarine was on the port side. Two long rings indicated that the crew were to go to panic stations; three long rings meant that they were to go to action stations without 'panic.' 'Open fire' was ordered by a succession of short rings and whistles. . . . In the case of action stations the look-out men on the bridge proceeded to their gun at the stand-by signal, keeping out of sight; while the crew who were below, off watch, went also to their guns, moving by the opposite side of the ship. In order to simulate the real mercantile crew, the men under the foc's'le now came out and showed themselves on the fore well deck. If 'panic' was to be feigned, all the crew of the gun concealed by the collapsible boat were to hide, the signalman stood by to hoist the White Ensign at the signal to open fire, and the boat party ran aft, turned out the boats, lowered them, and 'abandoned' ship, pulling away on the opposite bow. The signal for standing by to release the depth charge was when the captain dropped a red flag, and all guns' crews were to look out to fire on the enemy if the depth charge brought him to the surface."

If a Q-ship were actually sunk and had to be abandoned in real earnest, its officers and crew had to be prepared to continue their deceit. They "would be attired in the manner fitting the personnel of an old tramp. The captain would be wearing a peaked cap, with the house-flag of his Company suitably intertwined in the cap badge, while the men would be attired in guernseys, old



DISGUISED TO DECEIVE THE U-BOATS: COMMANDER G. HERBERT, D.S.O., R.N., ON THE BRIDGE OF THE Q-SHIP "ANTWERP," WEARING A WIG AND POSING AS A DUTCH PILOT.

her business to appear emphatically what she was not, her crew and herself were "boxes of tricks." Whether she was sailing-ship or steamer, she was a floating Maskelyne and Devant's!

The Captain would be in the rig of a typical tramp skipper, his smart crew trained to look slovenly and yet be mentally alert. The craft

* "Q-Ships and Their Story." By E. Keble Chatterton, late Lieutenant-Commander, R.N.V.R. (Sidgwick and Jackson; 2s. 6d. net.)



DISGUISED TO DECEIVE THE U-BOATS: COMMANDER S. C. DOUGLAS, R.N., OF THE Q-SHIP "ANTWERP," WEARING A FALSE MOUSTACHE, AND POSING AS A COMMERCIAL-TRAVELLER PASSENGER.

bye." None expected it, but she was saved, as it were by a miracle.

There were many other cases of superb daring. As Mr. Keble Chatterton has it in this most enthralling record of his: "if you consider all the major and minor sea fights from the earliest times to the present day; if you think of fleet actions, and single-ship contests, you cannot surpass the golden story of the Q-ships." It is good that they should be so fortunate in their historian. E. H. G.

THE PICK OF OUR WOMEN GOLFERS: PLAYERS FROM ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, WALES, AND IRELAND.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AND G.

ENGLAND.

(Back, left to right)
MISS P. READ.
MISS P. LOBBETT.
MISS C. BASTIN.
MRS. CAUTLEY.
MISS JOAN STOCKER.

(Sitting)—
MRS. MACBETH.
MISS J. WETHERED.
MISS CECIL LEITCH.
MISS EDITH LEITCH.



SCOTLAND.

(Back, left to right)
MRS. PATEY.
MRS. DAYNES.
MRS. KNIGHT.
MISS DORIS PARK.
MISS MONTGOMERY.

(Sitting)—
MISS E. GRANT SUTTIE.
MISS JEAN McCULLOCH.
MISS WATSON.
MISS L. SCROGGIE.



WALES.

(Back, left to right)—
MISS CUNNINGHAME.
MISS CROSS.
MISS LLEWELLYN.
MISS HEDLEY-HILL.
MISS ALLINGTON HUGHES.
MISS GRIFFITHS.

(Sitting)—
MRS. LAMING-EVANS.
MISS MOLLY MARLAY.
MRS. JOHN DUNCAN.
MRS. C. S. HURST.



IRELAND.

(Back, left to right)—
DR. M. E. ALEXANDER.
MRS. LEWIS SMITH.
MRS. LIONEL JACKSON.

(Sitting)—
MISS SARAH O'HARA.
MISS JANET JACKSON.
MISS STUART FRENCH.
MRS. STEWART MALLAM.



The Ladies' Open Golf Championship, at Prince's, Sandwich, was preceded by International Championship matches which resulted in an English victory. The winning team beat Scotland in the final of the series by 8 points to 1, after having defeated both Ireland and Wales by the same comfortable margin. Scotland beat Ireland by 7 to 2 points, and Wales by 9 to 0, and Wales was victorious over Ireland by 5 points to 4. Prince's is in splendid order for the meeting, and, though at one time it was thought that this course might prove too long for women golfers, little sign of this has been visible. The long-hitting powers of many first-class lady golfers are quite up to the severe test which Prince's, with its length and rapacious bunkers, sets them. This year the Championship draw was most satisfactory, as no vital tie had to be decided in the first round, such as that between Miss Cecil Leitch, the holder, and Miss Alexa Stirling, last year.

Miss Cecil Leitch and Miss Joyce Wethered are the two foremost lady players of the moment, and, in the opinion of golfing experts, they stand out above the others in much the same way that Mr. F. C. Tait and Mr. John Ball towered above other amateurs in the 'nineties. A curious trick of the draw rendered it impossible for these two ladies to meet except in the finals! Other famous women golfers who assembled at Prince's were Miss Janet Jackson, the Irish champion; Miss Molly McBride, runner-up in the Canadian Ladies' Championship last year; Miss Molly Griffiths; Miss E. E. Helme; Mrs. Alan Macbeth; Mrs. Gavin, who has been in America for a good many years; Miss L. Scroggie, and many others. All the ladies shown in our groups have been announced as playing in the Championship, except Miss E. Grant Suttie, Miss M. Marlay, Miss Llewellyn, Miss Cunninghame, and Miss Allington Hughes.



THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

By W. J. TURNER.



SOME MODERN MUSIC.

WE have lately had the pleasure of seeing two of the best-known living Russian composers playing their own compositions at the Queen's Hall. I refer to Sergei Rachmaninov and Sergei Prokofiev. Of the two, Rachmaninov is the older and the better known. He was born in 1873, and studied at the Petrograd Conservatoire, and then at the Moscow Conservatoire, where he was a pupil of Arensky and Taniev. Prokofiev, born in 1891, also studied at the Moscow Conservatoire, where he was a pupil of Glière and Taniev. Glière, whose music is very little known in England, was himself, before becoming a professor, a pupil of Taniev, who is one of the most learned of Russian composers. It may be interesting to give some details about the famous Moscow Conservatoire. It was founded by Nicholas Rubinstein some time after his more famous brother, Anton Rubinstein, had founded the Petrograd Conservatoire. Tchaikovsky became Professor for composition at the request of Nicholas Rubinstein, and Taniev was a pupil of Tchaikovsky, so that living Russian composers who received their training at Moscow derive directly from Tchaikovsky. Tchaikovsky was not a member of the famous Group of Five which started the distinctly national school of Russian music; he was a more eclectic musician who was considerably influenced by such composers as Liszt and Wagner, and, consequently, the Moscow Conservatoire since his time has tended to turn out composers of a more cosmopolitan type than those who, like Igor Stravinsky, have been pupils of Rimsky-Korsakov at the Petrograd Conservatoire. In fact, no two better examples of these opposed tendencies could be found than in the two contemporary Russian composers, Stravinsky and Rachmaninov; for Stravinsky is as bizarre and original as his great teacher, Rimsky-Korsakov, was; while Rachmaninov is exactly the sort of curious mixture of Tchaikovsky and Mendelssohn that, as a pupil of Tchaikovsky, one might expect him to be.

But before saying anything further about Rachmaninov, I want to describe in more detail the Moscow Conservatoire. I do not know exactly what its position is now, or even whether it is still in existence, but up to the time of the revolution in 1917 it was an independent institution; free from Government control, much as our Royal College of Music is. It was subsidised by the Imperial Society of Music, an organisation under the patronage of a Grand Duke or Duchess, and by the town of Moscow. In 1901 a magnificent new building was completed. To its construction the Tsar contributed £40,000 and a wealthy business man named Solodovnikov contributed £20,000. Here is a lesson for our British business men! For years we have been trying to raise funds for a National Shakespeare Memorial Theatre in London, and so far we have only collected about £75,000, of which a generous £70,000 was contributed by Sir Carl Meyer. London has the dishonour of being the only capital, the only great city in Europe without a national or municipal theatre. If our English business men had any culture or any public spirit, they would not tolerate such a condition of things.

The Moscow Conservatoire also rejoices in a superb concert hall capable of seating an audience of two thousand. This was built through the efforts of the director Safonov, who is well known as a conductor in this country, although he has not been in London since the war. To these two institutions at Moscow and Petrograd, Russia owes its extraordinary musical fertility during the last twenty-five years. They have poured out a constant stream of talented composers and executants, and for quantity and brilliance in all fields of music there are no two other Conservatoires

in the world whose record can compare with theirs. Those who, like our National Shakespeare Committee, sit with folded hands and despair of ever doing anything amid the general apathy, will do well to contemplate the fact that these two great Russian schools, and all the genius and talent they have furnished to the world, owe their



HEARD RECENTLY IN "MADAME BUTTERFLY":
MISS MAGGIE TEYTE.



THE NEW HANS SACHS IN
"THE MASTERSINGERS":
MR. ANDREW SHANKS.



A CONDUCTOR OF THE
BRITISH NATIONAL OPERA
COMPANY: MR. PERCY PITT.



PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE AT COVENT GARDEN:
MISS PENELOPE SPENCER.

Miss Maggie Teyte made a welcome reappearance in grand opera as Butterfly in "Madame Butterfly," and the first performance was so successful that it was repeated on the 13th (matinée), and again on the 17th. Mr. Andrew Shanks sang finely as Hans Sachs in "The Mastersingers" on May 10. Miss Penelope Spencer is the British National Opera Company's leading dancer. Mr. Percy Pitt is one of its able conductors, among whom are also Mr. Eugene Coossens and Mr. Aylmer Buesst.—[Photographs by Paterson, Glasgow, and Lambert, Bath.]

very existence to the energy and enthusiasm of two men—Anton and Nicholas Rubinstein.

Rachmaninov is known to every schoolgirl as the composer of "Rachmaninov's Prelude," which is the most popular, but not the best, of a set of Preludes written for the pianoforte. It is, however,

a composition thoroughly characteristic of its composer. In fact, in that short pianoforte piece you get the very essence of Rachmaninov as a creative musician. It is, therefore, obvious that he is not to be placed among the world's great composers; but he is a romantic writer with a natural instinct for death and disaster and dramatic effect. There is a symphonic poem by him entitled, if I remember rightly, "The Isle of the Dead." It is a masterly piece of orchestral writing, full of a dark, gloomy colour, and of an admirably sustained unity of tone. Those who have seen the famous German painter Böcklin's picture of the same name, will recognise at once the sort of music it is when I say it conveys very effectively the atmosphere of that picture. Both the picture and the music—both Böcklin and Rachmaninov—belong to that type of artist which impresses us in our youth as quintessentially "imaginative." Later on, if we develop our senses and our understanding, we come to see that the imagination of artists of this kind is too frequently of a rather cheap and obvious kind.

Rachmaninov's popular Prelude is this sort of stuff, but Rachmaninov, as was the painter, is an expert craftsman, and knows his job thoroughly. His pianoforte concertos are very effective compositions, one of which (the second) has become popular with pianists in this country, and there are pages in his works in which his superb technical equipment produces, as Böcklin's did, something in which the more critical can find pleasure. On

the whole, however, though, like Schumann and Chopin, a Romantic, he has not got the sincerity of the first nor the exquisite sensibility of the second.

Prokofiev, although he was also a student at Moscow, is a much more original composer. The first performance in England—under Mr. Albert Coates at the London Symphony Orchestra's concert—of his Pianoforte Concerto No. 3 in C major came as a revelation to many musicians in the audience. There is such a craze for novelty to-day that many concocters of strange noises pass temporarily for composers of genius. The number of people with the equipment and the independence necessary

to judge works of art on their merit is so small that it is comparatively easy to impose upon the public, and to create a bubble reputation. Also the experts are often among the most fallible, even when honest. Time alone can sift the chaff from the wheat, but I will venture upon a prophecy. I think that this Pianoforte Concerto in C major, Op. 26, holds out the promise of its composer's being a far greater man than Rachmaninov or any of these younger, much-advertised notoriety. It shows a far greater sense of form than is usual, and this is always a remarkable quality. Also it is a composition which does not rely on assaulting your ears with all the power at the command of a large modern orchestra to get its effects. Next it shows that Prokofiev can create original melody of rare beauty. Now this, in spite of all the new effects at the disposal of modern musicians, remains one of the fundamental attributes of genius. I don't think any musician will dispute the originality and beauty of the Theme and Variations which constitutes the middle movement of Prokofiev's concerto. But this middle movement is not a thing by itself; it is an organic part of the whole work; and it is this fact more than any other that finally influences me to hold such a high opinion of Prokofiev's future. The concerto is queer; it shows a sense of humour and a sense of beauty; but it is an organic whole; it is one complete work, not a collection of scattered ideas neatly pieced together. Finally the whole composition, in spite of its strange individual character, its definite originality, is clarity itself. It is written with a Mozartian conciseness and economy that is delightful and rare.



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NOW we are all right: the King and Queen have pronounced for a brilliant Season, and we shall have one. Not only are there to be evening Courts, but they are to be full State dress Courts. Trains will be shorter than at Edwardian Courts, when they were three yards, making nearly two on the ground, since they were attached

flowers is being eagerly discussed. I heard a little lady laying down a queer law at a tea party this week. "The dear Queen," said she, "dislikes bouquets carried at Court." Everyone in close proximity to the Queen knows that her Majesty loves flowers, and that great care is always taken to preserve bouquets presented to her, by her express wish. The flowers carried as a complement to Court dress are a pretty compliment to the Queen. Knowing this, neither Queen Alexandra nor Queen Mary has ever made any pronouncement on bouquets being an integral part of Court dress: this is emphasised by directions at the Lord Chamberlain's Office, which are "Bouquets Optional." Near to the close of Queen Victoria's reign it was well known that the scent of strongly perfumed flowers like stephanotis, tuberoses, hyacinth, wallflower, or mignonette, made her Majesty feel faint. Now very different blooms are used for bouquets, which are a graceful adjunct to a Court toilette, and keep the wearer, as she walks across the ballroom a cynosure for all eyes, from the feeling that she may look like a mannequin—one not dissipated by wielding a fan, which is a favourite device of the professional exhibitress of frocks. Three Courts, at least one State Ball, and Garden Parties at Buckingham Palace secure for us the reality of a good Season.

There is one thing real dress-loving and dress-understanding women are hoping they may be spared this season. It is the plain frock—really quite plain, not to say ugly—of silk or crêpe, with caves over the shoulders instead of sleeves, and a very low neck and no ornament. These garments, which were worn by the go-as-you-please brigade last year, are almost indecently ugly. I met one last week where I really would not have expected to meet it. It was dark blue; the long rosy arms and the still rosier neck and chest which it revealed abated no bit of its ugliness; the skirt was short, and the silk-clad legs sturdy, and with it was worn a brilliant poppy-red hat. I do not, as a rule, relish sarcasms on any members of my sex by those of the other; but when a man said: "Is it a vision or a nightmare that is before me?" we all around agreed that the latter described it. Why will women do such things?

A golden bride was Miss Joyce Langdale, when she was married last week to Captain the Hon. Henry FitzAlan Howard, the only son of Viscount and Viscountess FitzAlan of Derwent. A gleaming golden dress of one of the new supple brocaded tissues; the train gold net broadly bordered all round with the tissue; the veil gold tulle, from a gold bandeau with arum lilies at either side; the bouquet white arums tied with gold tulle. The bride, tall and handsome, fair-haired and elegant, looked well in her golden attire; but one missed the bridal element, and a line from Hood's "Miss Kilmansegg and her precious leg" kept echoing in my mind, "Gold! and gold! and gold without end"; not that the dress was at all of this significance, and a breakaway from the conventional is admirable. There was not

a bit of orange-blossom anywhere that could be seen. The lily-like group of bridesmaids and pages in their lily-leaf green and white were delightful. It was a beautiful wedding.

It was just a little shock to find oneself sitting in the drawing-room of 11, Downing Street lolling in a shy small voice: "Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, brings me no delight, oh! I'd rather have Saturday night." Yet, with Members of Parliament, a Privy Councillor or two, a Marchioness and Peeresses of lesser degree, we all did so at the invitation of and led by Sir Harry Lauder, whose very bones seemed to bend in time to the tune. Later we all vocally roamed with him in the gloamin' and got into the right humour to help the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops.

Who said that "Beauty was but skin deep?" It must have been a sceptic, for beauty roots far deeper than the skin: it is the index only. Knowledgeable people know that unless a woman feels young and good-looking, she seldom looks it; at all events, when she has had too many birthdays. Some of our American visitors tell me that we ought to fall on our knees and thank Venus greatly that she has sent among us so clever an artist in making and keeping youth and good looks in women as Miss Elizabeth Arden, who has opened a wonderful establishment at 25, Bond Street. Her name is one to conjure with across the Atlantic, and women from there of the smartest who have married themselves to British nobles and live here, are overjoyed at her arrival, and promise their friends a most delightful, restful, and efficient restorer and keeper of their charms. It is all scientific treatment of the muscles based on a complete knowledge of osteology. Well, I am quite sure Americans know good things, and British folk are always glad to try them. I am persuaded, from what my friends tell me, that we shall soon be ardent disciples of the Arden methods.

A. E. L.



OF KNITTED WOOL WITH SELF-COLOURED SILK BANDS. Mme. Barri is responsible for this very smart knitted wool dress trimmed with bands of self-coloured silk. The collar can be worn open or closed.

either at the waist or far down between the shoulders. Now there will be eighteen inches on the ground, or about half a yard. Plumes will be worn just a little lower. The compromise will maintain dignity and expedite the rate of presentations. There is, so far as I have heard opinions expressed, the greatest satisfaction over the announced arrangements. The exceptions, very few, were the girls and their mothers who had bobbed their hair. It was said of Queen Victoria that a lady, who shall be nameless, but of very high lineage and assured position, approached her Majesty through the Lord Chamberlain's department to know if she might attend a Drawing Room without plumes, as her hair had been cut short owing to illness. The reply through the Lord Chamberlain's department was that Lady Nameless had the Queen's permission to refrain from attending a Drawing Room until her hair grew! Bobbed ones, take warning.

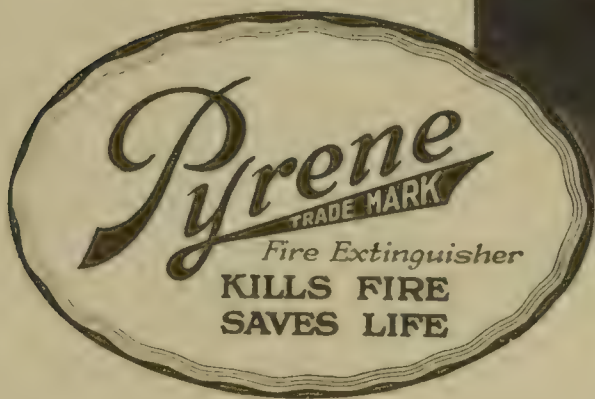
There have in the memory of the present generation been no such imposing and brilliant Courts as in the reign of King Edward. We may now look to see these rivalled, if not outshone. It was, I am told by one who remembers, in Queen Victoria's time that trains of rich velvets, brocades, and satins were replaced by those of chiffon and lace, and other ethereal fabrics. A modiste then much in vogue refused to make these what she stigmatised as "rag" trains for ladies going to Court. However, she had to give in to her clients, and these flimsy trains became very fashionable. Eighteen inches on the ground will, I imagine, sound their knell: for so short an appendage, in very thin fabric, would be but a wisp. Tissue will, I take it, be the least-substantial material suitable for the purpose. Something that will stand alone, a very attractive description of dress-material to our grandmothers, repels us. The women of to-day look for rich fabrics that will drape gracefully, and this season they will not look in vain: there are scores to choose from. The carrying of



TWO AFTERNOON DRESSES.

The newest thing in sleeves is shown on the marocain dress on the left. The right-hand model is of the ever-popular navy serge, with revers and belt of beige cloth. The wearer's initial is embroidered on the bodice—this is one of the crazes of the hour. Both dresses come from Mme. Barri, of 31, Baker Street, W.

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THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

BY J. T. GREIN.

ARS est celare artem"—that is the greatest gift of Sir Gerald du Maurier. It is so great that somebody once said of him: "He is not an actor," and meant it as a compliment. For Sir Gerald shuns the tricks of the trade, the intonations of the craft, the thousand-and-one little stratagems which smaller minds would use to bamboozle us into the make-belief that they are as versatile as a kaleidoscope, as ingenious as a wagon-load of monkeys.

His is a singular, powerful, dominating personality that holds and fascinates. He fills the frame of the stage all by himself, yet never bursts it; he speaks volumes in gesture; he illuminates the house and captivates all hearts by his smile. Were there no fear of being misunderstood, I could call him the buccaneer among our comedians. He ploughs, single-handed, all that the histrionic ocean of feeling, humour, characterisation means, like a dauntless sailor familiar with waves and currents, with gentle breezes and wild hurricane. *Sans* fear or reproach, he faces the audience without the least display of concern or self-consciousness—indeed, at first acquaintance, he would seem almost phlegmatic; he ambles through his part with the ease, the *abandon*, the devil-may-care of a Piccadilly boulevardier, one of those who see the maelstrom of life rushing past in the spirit of a mere commonplace. But watch him, and gradually his detachment grows into grip, emotion; out of phlegm arises an entity, original, unrivalled, screwing your interest into a vice of breathless expectancy. His humour is infectious, his love-making quickens the pulse of women and rouses the benevolent envy of men; and when the scheme, as in "Dear Brutus," is poetic, then this complete man of the world becomes an eerie creature of gossamer with something far-away in his look and melody in his voice. No wonder that he is the idol of the masses and the classes! For what the great Baron was in Paris, he is to the British stage: a comedian, a man of quality, a great artist, amalgamated in a personality evergreen, romantic, and full of gladdening humour.

We sat in the glorious Town Hall at Antwerp and we talked Art. And the Sheriff, Camille Huysmans, one of Belgium's most progressive men, said: "We are going to double the subsidies; by next year the three Municipal Theatres of Antwerp will receive one million per annum from town and State; a lump for the Royal Flemish Theatre, a lump for the Flemish People's Theatre—[creation of Labour and Socialism, where for eighteenpence you can see Pinero's "Second

I was a refugee!"—to go begging for a miserable £30,000 for consolidation; it allows its cheeks to burn at a gift of £100 from the King of Siam—"Good for Siam!" said he—it remains silent when the site of the National Theatre in Gower Street goes under the hammer and will see a stranger on its sacred ground. Thus 'the mountain bore the mole-hill,' after the princely gift of Carl Meyer, the administration of professors, the plans galore and unfulfilled, the palavers without end about Shakespeare, national pride, monuments, and all sorts and conditions of things except a concrete National Theatre!"

"Why did they not give the £30,000 to the Old Vic, and create the Old Vic a National Theatre for the People?"

I felt inclined to indulge in the colloquial "Ask me another," but I replied shamefacedly, "Because no one can penetrate the mind of the Council. Their ways are as mysterious as the footsteps of Fate." Here I changed the subject, for I would not belittle our artistic conscience.

But as, anon, I wandered over the boulevards and saw the palatial Royal Theatre, the palatial Royal Opera, I could not help feeling saddened that the commercial Belgian city gives a million per annum for the people's entertainment; and the "hub of the universe"—London—has not one single theatre or opera-house where art is divorced from commerce, and where money is no object to attain artistic ideals!

A Frenchman, beholding the former aloofness of the Netherlands Government in subsidising art, called the Dutch "Les Chinois de l'Europe"—which was rough on the Chinese, with their stupendous past B.C., and no longer applies, since Holland's

Queen and her cities spend more and more on theatres and music. If that Frenchman came to London now, I wonder what he would say of us? Could not Mr. Fisher be prevailed upon to detach a mere half of one of those millions legislation has voted to education, for the creation of a National Theatre, and support the happily inaugurated all-British Opera? Half a million from the full quiver is all that is needed to rescue us from the rearguard of artistic Europe.

Let us look to Antwerp and elsewhere, see their ways, and become wise.



UNVEILED BY LADY BUCHANAN JARDINE: THE WAR MEMORIAL AT LOCKERBIE.

A memorial to 221 men of Lockerbie, Dumfriesshire, who fell in the war, was unveiled on May 7 by Lady Buchanan Jardine, of Castle Milk. An address was delivered by Provost Laidlaw. The inscription reads: "In grateful memory of our heroic dead. 1914-1919."—(Photograph by Topping.)

Mrs. Tanqueray" and Galsworthy's "Justice" in capital performances]—and the lion's share for the Royal Flemish Opera. That's the stuff to give 'em, eh?"

It took my breath away. Comparatively little Antwerp maintains these temples of art, lends them rent-free to the manager, provides scenery, paraphernalia, staff, and dower. And we of the world's capital, what are we doing for National Art? He rapped it out: "What does London do?"

I replied: "London does nothing; it tolerates the Old Vic—" Bravo, Old Vic! How I enjoyed it when

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THE "GOOD" CROWN PRINCE: HIS MEMOIRS.

(See Photographs on Page 738.)

ACCORDING to his "Memoirs," the former German Crown Prince is a much-maligned personage: the obvious sub-title for his book is "Oh, What a Good Boy Am I!"

His Imperial father, he acknowledges with filial regret, was sufficiently out of date to be a Divine-righter, but, then, he was encompassed by place-preserving and place-seeking sycophants, to whom the

the system of the third, "the unfortunate method whereby, to the exclusion of any direct exchange of views, decisions were made and issued by means of third persons, who were also the sole mouthpieces by which the position of the interested party could be stated to the judge."

The heir was of other clay. How different, he is at great pains to demonstrate—chiefly, it may be surmised, for the benefit of the new Germany and the enlightenment of the United States! His propaganda is nothing if not thorough. Always he was

too, as required; a devoted son, husband and father.

Needless to say, the world war was a shock to him, and, equally needless to say, Germany did not bring it about: she merely defended herself against the perfidious—against those who, jealous of the supremacy of her commerce and of her natural desire for expansion, took advantage of a quiet, trading people who blundered into battle! His argument is that a determination to "down" Germany had been in evidence for years. He says, for example, writing



PRESENTED TO THE KING IN BRUSSELS: MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH CHAMBER OF COMMERCE IN BELGIUM (THE LEFT-HAND GROUP), AND REPRESENTATIVES OF THE BRITISH COLONY IN BRUSSELS.

The names in the left-hand group are: (l. to r.) Mr. Washington Nicoll, Mr. H. Westcott, Mr. W. F. H. Jeffes, Mr. A. F. P. Hayman, Mr. A. C. Miller, Captain Tom Young, Mr. George Potts, (President of the Chamber), Mr. W. H. Dodds, Mr. W. D. Grosset, Mr. David Petrie, Mr. L. A. Percy, Mr. H. H. Lawrence, Mr. Edgar de Knevet, Mr. E. S. Tear, Mr. W. A. Niblett, and Mr. E. F. Satchell. In the right-hand group are: (l. to r.) The Ven. the Archdeacon Stuart Harris, D.D., Dr. P. J. Thomson,



Mr. R. A. Fowler, Rev. G. M. Roch, Mr. Montgomery Simms, Rev. Father Brown, O.S.M., Mr. E. D. M. Hooper, Mr. E. R. Hodson, Mr. G. K. Butler, and the Rev. H. S. Gahan, M.A. Replying to an address, the King said: "My subjects in Belgium during the tragic years from 1914 to 1918 emulated the patriotism, fortitude, and high sense of duty of the inhabitants of this heroic country. . . . I wish to express my admiration of the gallant manner in which they upheld the traditions of British honour."

Photographs by Speight.

Court was holy ground, who dimmed his vision, and so colour-filtered the news of the day that they destroyed his sense of perspective. He was the innocent, uniformed puppet of "Advisers of the Crown," who played on his simple, noble nature; a victim of

* "The Memoirs of the Crown Prince of Germany." (Thornton Butterworth, Ltd.; 21s. net).

the democrat, urging for his country a constitution like that of England. Always he mingled with the people, sharing their sports, their joys and their sorrows; chumming with his soldiers, and giving them cigarettes and chocolates; careless of ceremonial; a lover of peace, while an advocate of preparedness; burning with ardour for the Fatherland, living only to serve Germany as a true German; a sentimentalist,

of his visit to this country for the coronation of King George: "Here I should like to mention an incident in my London sojourn which casts a light on the ideas of a leading statesman of that day. The Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey, was introduced to me and, in the course of the thoroughly animated conversation which ensued, I made the incautious remark that, in my opinion, and with a view to a

[Continued overleaf.]

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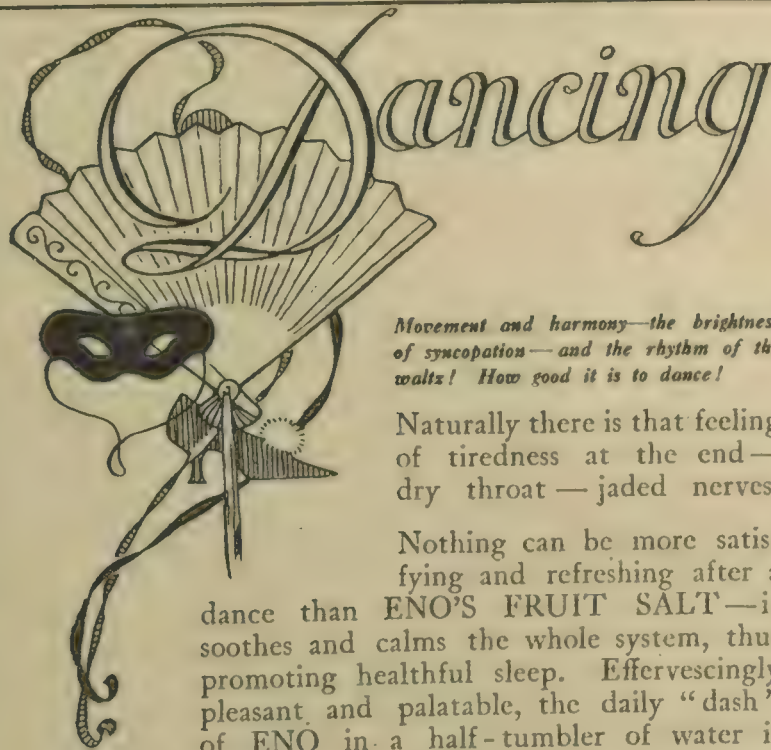


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Continued.

certainly of peace, it would be far and away the wisest thing for Germany and England, the two greatest Teutonic nations—the strongest land power and the strongest sea power—to co-operate; they could then, moreover (if it must be so) divide the world between them. Grey listened, nodded and said: 'Yes, true, but England does not wish to divide with anybody—not even with Germany.' "If it must be so," is good!

For the rest, it should be written that the book is well worth reading, not only for its revelation—an undesigned revelation—of character, but for various points, notably for the view that the first battle of the Marne was lost, when it was being won, by the indecision of the Highest Command; for the Crown Prince's verdict upon Queen Victoria, King Edward, and the English in general; for the reminiscences of Pope Leo XIII. and Abdul Hamid (whom Prince William discovered to have the same expression of eye), the murdered Emperor of Russia and his family, and Bethmann-Hollweg; and for the story of the flight into exile of Kaiser and Crown Prince. But why "the Crown Prince of Germany" of the title-page?

The service dépôt and repair works for Benz cars at Caroline Place, Fulham Cross, S.W.6, are now in full working order, and are under the control of Colonel S. S. Kennedy, who is well known in the motor trade. A full stock of spare parts is carried.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"DEAR BRUTUS" AGAIN, AT WYNDHAM'S.

IN this the heyday of Sir James Barrie's—or is it McConnachie's?—fame, it is well to have a sample of the more poetic side of his art on view in one of our London playhouses. And if there must be choice, dearly as some of us love "Mary Rose," we love one Act at least of "Dear Brutus" somewhat

and hearing it again. If any but the original two principals, however, had interpreted that scene, we should have missed, or thought we missed, something; so it is a joy to find not only the actor-manager himself, but Miss Faith Celli also in the cast of the revival at Wyndham's. There is no need to praise the frank and girlish naturalness of Miss Celli's performance any more than the quiet, unforced tenderness and humour that mark Sir Gerald du Maurier's handling of the dialogue, for the acting of both is just about perfect. Welcome, too, is the reappearance of Mr. Norman Forbes, never more engaging than in the part he fills here as he pipes and dances through the wood like some faun in solitary contentment. And though we must put up with the loss of Maude Millett, still Miss Mabel Terry Lewis gives plenty of charm to the amiable Mrs. Wade; while Mr. Hatherton is back in his old rôle and has excellent colleagues in Mr. Ronald Squire and Mr. Alfred Drayton. Nor should the emotional sincerity of Miss Madeleine Seymour in the character of Mrs. Dearth—one of the surprises of the revival—be overlooked.

"TILLY OF BLOOMSBURY" REVIVED, AT THE STRAND.

When Ian Hay gave us "Tilly of Bloomsbury," he did not trouble to invent an original plot or to avoid conventionality in his situations, but he succeeded in providing parts—two parts, at least—in which experienced actors were able to make themselves vastly diverting. On this account the play won an enviable success on its original presentation, and for this reason it seems likely to renew that success now that it is revived at the Strand. Mr. Arthur Boucher and Miss Connie Ediss have both of them at command geniality of temperament, a gift for broadly humorous characterisation and genuine *comica vis*, so that when they are allowed sufficient material to build upon, they make *vis-à-vis* a delectable combination. As the

sheriff's officer and as the vulgar but good-hearted Mrs. Welwyn respectively they got what was needed, and the personality of the players has done the rest. We may not believe in the story in which they figure, but at any rate, while they are on the stage, the bailiff and his fellow mirth-maker seem full-blooded enough.



THE KING AT ZEEBRUGGE: HIS MAJESTY ON THE MOLE, LOOKING AT THE SPOT BREACHED BY BLOWING UP A BRITISH SUBMARINE IN THE HISTORIC RAID.

At Zeebrugge, on May 11, during his visit to Belgium, the King walked along the Mole, and saw the breach made by sinking and blowing up a British submarine in the famous raid of St. George's Day (April 23), 1918. Across the water he would see the submerged ships "Thetis," "Iphigenia," and "Intrepid." He also visited in the cemetery the graves of those who fell in the action.—[Photograph by Farrington Photo Co.]

more. That scene in the enchanted wood in which the childless artist has his moment of happiness and talk with his dream-daughter surely ranks as the high-water mark of Barrie fantasy, and it is not too much to say that thousands of playgoers will thank Sir Gerald du Maurier for the chance of seeing

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Owing to numerous requests, "The Illustrated London News" has made a few reprints of its splendid reproduction in full colours of Gainsborough's beautiful picture "THE BLUE BOY." These are on thick paper, suitable for framing. The first issue at 2/6 was completely sold out within the first few days, and, as the second issue is a very limited one, it is desirable that orders should be received immediately, to avoid disappointment. This splendid reproduction is 12½ x 17½, size of plate, and 15½ x 22½, size of paper.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

An Important Withdrawal.

Owing to the fact that the two races for the Tourist Trophy—that is to say, the three-litre and the one-and-a-half litre classes—are to be run on the same day in June over the Isle of Man course, the Sunbeam team which was entered for the one-and-a-half



MOTORING IN THE TENNYSON COUNTRY: A 19.6-H.P. CROSSLEY TOURING-CAR IN THE DRIVE AT FARRINGFORD, ISLE OF WIGHT.

litre race has been withdrawn. I saw Mr. Coatalen at Brooklands on Sunday, who gave me this news, and added that it was in consequence of the difficulty of securing the requisite number of drivers for both races.

Motorists as Special Constables. During the war, the A.A. Section of the Headquarters Central Detachment of the Special Constabulary rendered most valuable services to the

community, in connection with transport of men to special duties, air raids, etc., and these services were keenly appreciated by the authorities and the public. It has been decided to bring the strength of the Section up to full establishment. The Senior Officers are Commandant Charles Temperley, O.B.E. (member of the Automobile Association Executive Committee), and Commander Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Jarrott, O.B.E., vice-chairman of the A.A. There are neither duties nor inconveniences of any kind in normal times. Owners of motor-cars or motor-cycles who enrol undertake to serve with their vehicles only in cases of public emergency. They are supplied with uniforms—including great-coats, free of all charge, and simply "stand by." The normal period for which a member declares for service is three years, but shorter terms—in special cases—can be arranged. A.A. members and all motorists willing to serve, in the interests of good citizenship and patriotism, should address applications for enrolment to the Recruiting Officer, Automobile Association, Fanum House, Whitcomb Street, W.C.2.

Fords in the Commons.

The vogue of the Ford is well illustrated by the fact that it is the only car that has ever been the subject of a petition "all on its own" to Parliament. Recently such a petition was presented to the House of Commons, signed by more than three thousand Ford owners, "praying this honourable House to reduce the excessive taxation on the same." I suppose this petition will have about the same effect as the various deputations that have waited on the Ministry of Transport on the subject of motor taxation generally—i.e., none at all. Nevertheless, the fact is worthy of record, though it may be said that even the Ford owner must be content to take the rough with the smooth and to pay for the disabilities as well as the advantages of his vehicle.

A Dangerous Village.

The parish council of Hockliffe, on the main Dunstable road, is moving the Bedfordshire County Council to ask for a reduced speed limit in the village.

One of the grounds set forth in the application is that the passage of high-speed lorries so shakes the houses that it is unsafe for the inhabitants to lie in bed! This is really a bit far-fetched, though there is no gain-saying the fact that fast-travelling heavy lorries do cause very serious vibration which may easily result in material damage to roadside buildings.

Motorists and the Oxford Bench.

In the Divisional Court recently, the Automobile Association appealed against the conviction of Mr. D. W. Parkes (a member of the A.A.) at Oxford in November last for driving a motor cycle in excess of the twenty-mile speed limit. At the original hearing it was established that when defendant was stopped, he was informed by the police that he had been travelling too fast and would be summoned for driving to the danger of the public. The proceedings taken, however, were for exceeding the speed limit, and it was contended by the Association's solicitor that the statement made to the defendant at the time of the alleged offence was not a proper notice of prosecution for exceeding the speed limit; but the magistrates held otherwise, and convicted. On a case stated to the High Court, it was maintained that the

(Continued overleaf.)

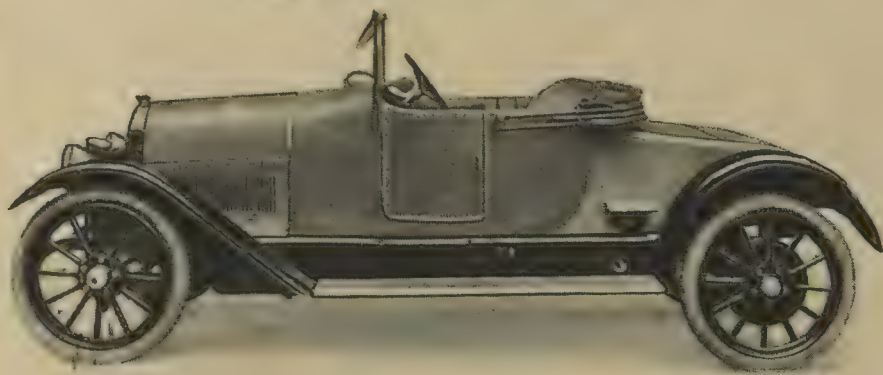


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Continued. magistrates were wrong in holding that the notice given was a proper warning, and the Divisional Court upheld this contention, allowed the appeal with costs against the police, and quashed the conviction. This decision, following as it does three other successful appeals recently conducted by the Association against erroneous decisions at Norwich, Maidenhead, and Ormskirk, clearly indicates how necessary it is—even in these days—for the most careful watch to be kept on the administration of the law affecting the motorist.

Road Tolls. The Automobile Association has approached all interested highway authorities, urging that the time is opportune for joint action directed towards the abolition of road tolls. These representations have been well received. The financial difficulties involved are considerable, and they are increasing each year; therefore, it is felt that, in the interests of economy, the sooner they are faced the better. The A.A. holds that payment of toll-charges conflicts with the accepted policy that the "special" tax on motor vehicles—at present iniquitous because it is not proportionate to use—gives the right to free passage on the roads.

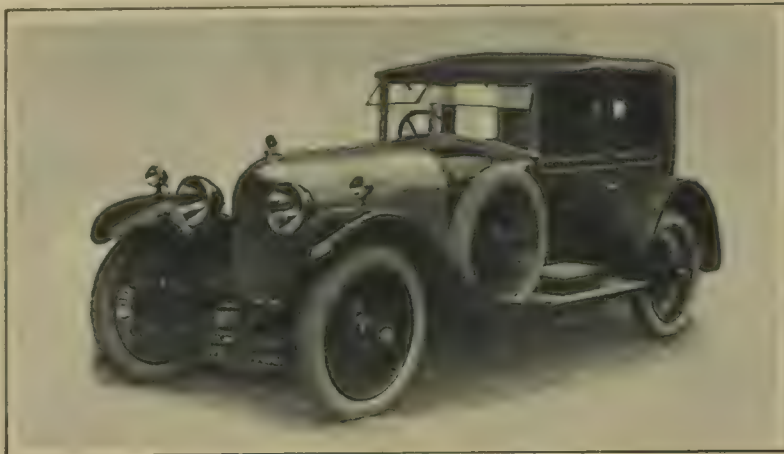
W. W.

All that is best in this year's art as exhibited at Burlington House will be found, admirably reproduced in black-and-white, in the well-known annual, "The Royal Academy Illustrated." The book, which is now in its seventh year, is published by Messrs. Walter Judd, Ltd., 97, Gresham Street, E.C., at 3s. 6d., and

contains over two hundred reproductions of paintings and sculpture. It is indispensable alike to those who visit the Academy itself and to those who, living at a distance, are unable to do so. After looking at a bewildering variety of pictures in one day, a pictorial

progress of contemporary art. The entire first edition has been sold out; but a second edition has been put in hand, and orders will be executed as soon as possible.

For the 1922 season the London General Omnibus Company have prepared a programme of attractive motor-coach tours in the Home Counties on more varied and extensive lines than ever before. Every week there will be a choice of some forty different tours, long and short, to suit all tastes and pockets. There are eight conducted whole-day tours from London, seventy to ninety-five miles in length, starting from St. James's Park Station about 10 a.m., and bringing the party back to town in comfortable time for dinner and the theatre. Experienced "General" guides accompany these tours, and it is a special feature that for one inclusive booking fee of one guinea, *table d'hôte* luncheon and tea at the best hotels *en route* are also provided. The whole-day tours comprise runs to Guildford and Hindhead, Maidstone and Rochester, Windsor and Burnham Beeches, Tunbridge Wells and Farnham, Guildford and Virginia Water, Pershore and Godstone, Maidenhead, Windsor, and Hampton Court. The last-named, the "River Tour," includes a trip by launch from Roulter's Lock to Windsor. At cheaper rates, there are nineteen half-day tours. There is also a selection of evening tours. Finally, there are the "Seeing London" tours—morning and afternoon—designed to give visitors (and perhaps some Londoners) a view of London at work and London at home. Seats may be booked in advance at 31, Broadway, Westminster, etc.



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The body is finished in dark-blue with Bedford cord upholstery. It was made for Mr. P. B. Mills, of Sedlescombe, Sussex.

souvenir is necessary to aid the memory afterwards in preserving judgments rapidly formed, and thus obtaining some permanent benefit from the visit. When, on the other hand, the pictures themselves cannot be seen, this illustrated epitome of the exhibition provides a means, otherwise inaccessible, for noting the

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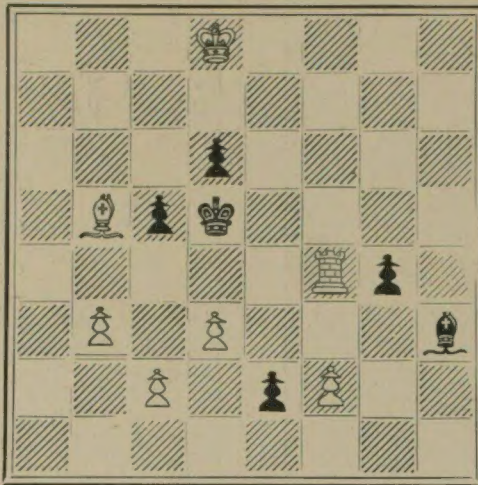
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CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 3882.—By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

To CORRESPONDENTS.

JOHN F. WILKINSON (Ramleh, Egypt).—Your contribution shall be examined with a view to publication.

CHARLES WILLING (Philadelphia).—Thanks for letter and reply.

H. GRASETT BALDWIN (Farnham).—The author of Problem No. 3881 shall be informed of your appreciation.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3878 received from Frank H. Rollison (Evansville, U.S.A.), and Casimir Dickson (Vancouver, B.C.); of No. 3880, from J. W. Lamont (Arosa, Switzerland).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3881 received from H. W. Satow (Bangor), A. W. Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), Albert Taylor (Sheffield), and G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3880.—By KESHAB D. DE

WHITE

1. K to K 2nd
2. K takes P
3. Q to K 4th, mate.

BLACK

- P to Q 6th (ch)
- Any move

If Black play 1. K to B 5th; 2. Q to Q 7th, etc.; and if 1. Kt to B 3rd; then 2. Q to Q 7th (ch) etc.

Ciro Pearls are obtainable at one address only—namely, 39, Old Bond Street, London, W.1, the registered offices of **Ciro Pearls, Ltd.**, who have no agents or branches. When Bond Street is referred to, it usually means Old Bond Street, which is the original thoroughfare. In case this is not generally understood, it may be pointed out that the address given in the advertisement of **Ciro Pearls** which appeared in our issue of May 6 should have been 39, Old Bond St., London, W.1.

CHESS IN LONDON.
Game played in the Championship Tournament of the City of London Chess Club between Messrs. H. T. SNOWDON and E. G. SERGEANT.
(The Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE
(Mr. Snowdon)
1. P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd
3. P to Q 4th
4. Kt takes P
5. Kt takes Kt

BLACK
(Mr. Sergeant)
P to Q B 4th
Kt to Q B 3rd
P takes P
Kt to B 3rd

The text move has the sanction of so good an authority as Mason, but we take leave to doubt its efficiency as a means of development.

5. Kt P takes Kt
6. B to Q 3rd
7. Q to K 2nd
8. Castles
9. B to K Kt 5th
10. B to R 4th
11. K to R sq
12. B to Kt 3rd

P to K 4th
B to B 4th
Castles
P to K R 3rd
P to Q 3rd
P to Kt 4th
K to Kt 2nd

Utilising the defensive power of the King for possible eventualities.

13. Kt to Q 2nd
14. P to Q B 3rd
15. Kt to B 4th
16. Q R to Q sq

B to K 3rd
Q to Q 2nd
Kt to R 4th

Clearly he cannot play Q takes Kt on account of B to Kt 5th, but

Surely an oversight, leaving as it does the K Kt sq commanded by the adverse Bishop. Q to K 2nd suggests itself as the best defence, but White's position is not enviable.

20. Q to B 2nd
A simple yet extraordinarily effective reply which decides the game right off. Nothing can now save White from defeat.

21. Kt to K 3rd
22. K to Kt sq
23. P takes P
24. R takes P
25. Q to Q 2nd
26. Q takes B
27. K to R 2nd
28. K to Kt sq
White resigns.



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" 2 x 3 "	22/11	26/-
" 2 x 3 1/2 "	27/3	31/3

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22 x 22 inches	..	per doz.	20/-	24/-	28/6	32/6	42/3
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Size 2 x 3 yds. per pair	60/9	69/9
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" 2 1/2 x 3 "	76/9	86/-
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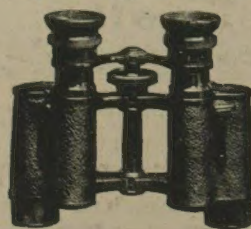
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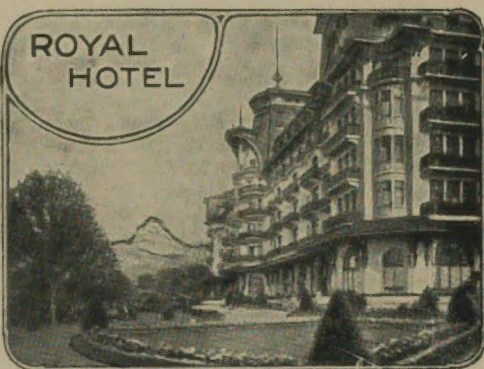
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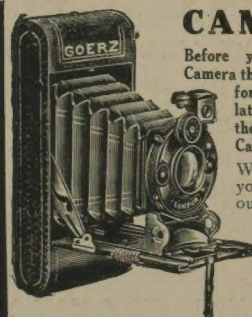
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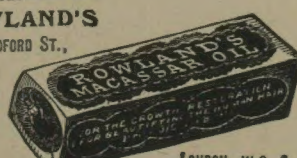
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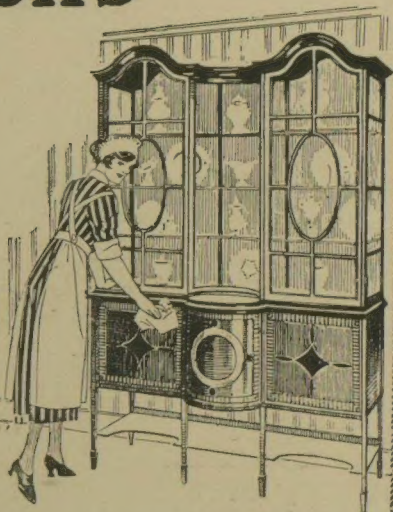
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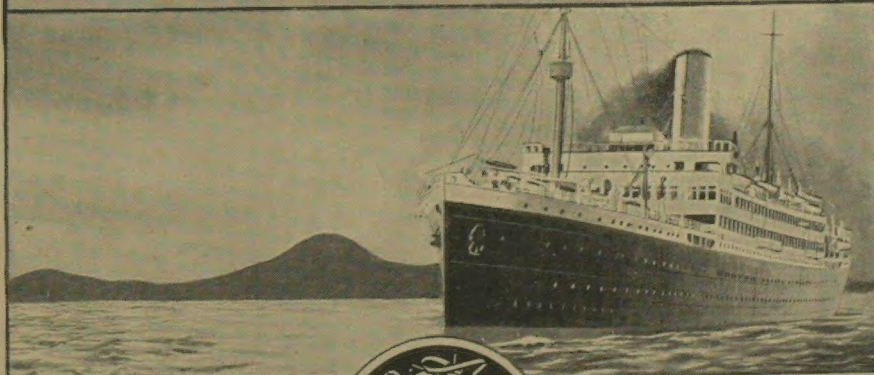
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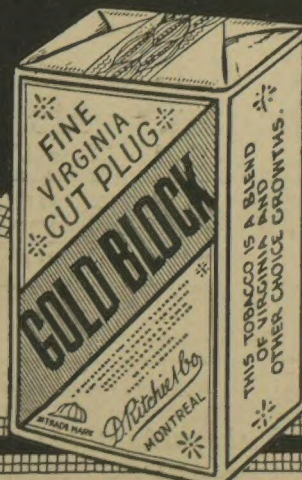
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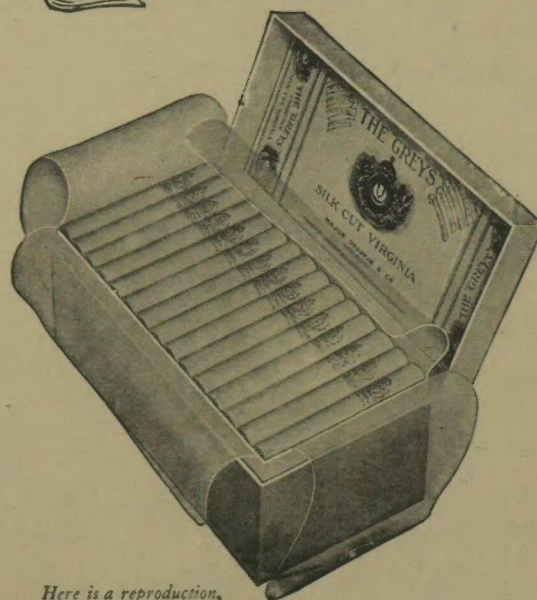
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